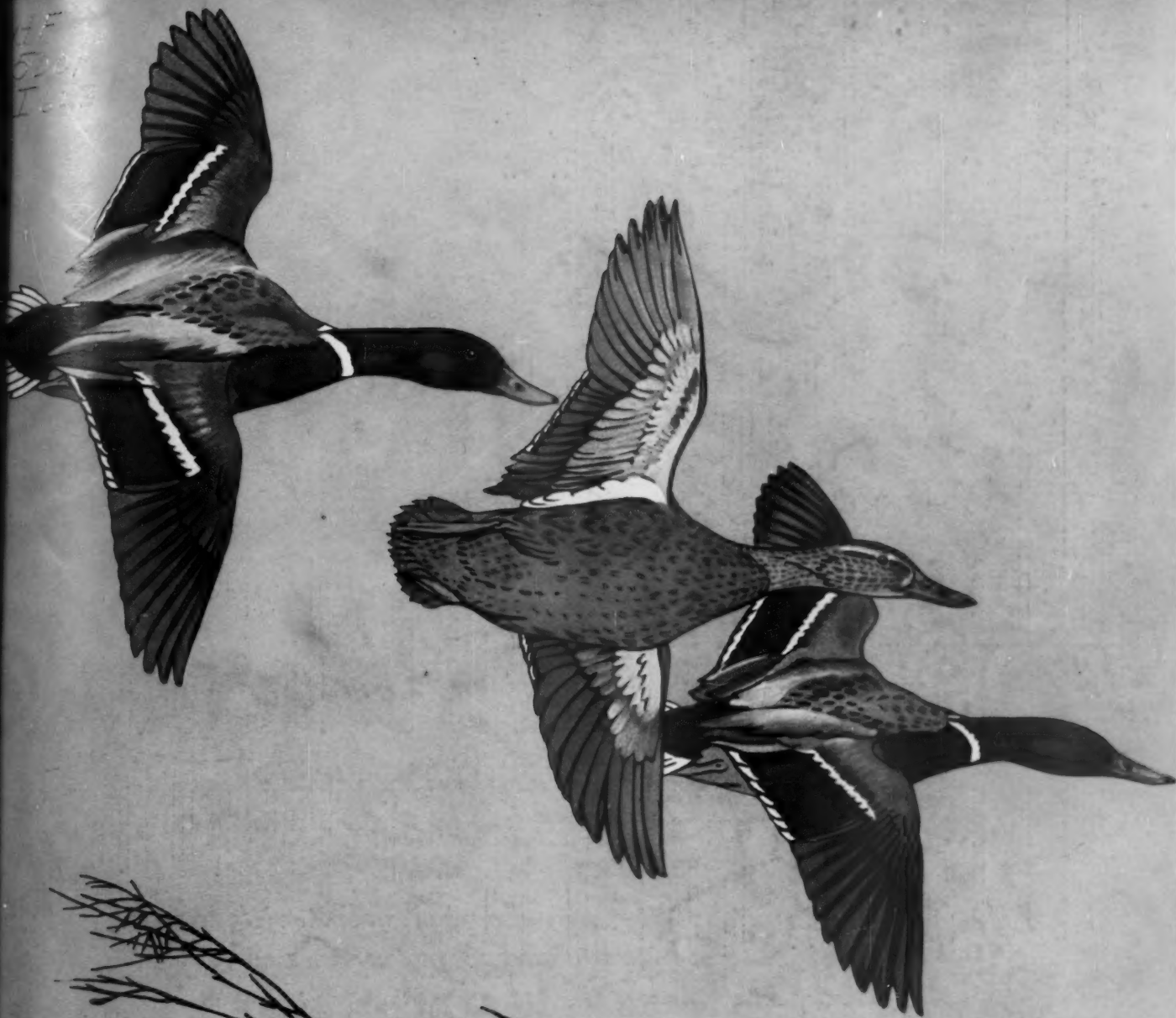


The ROTARIAN

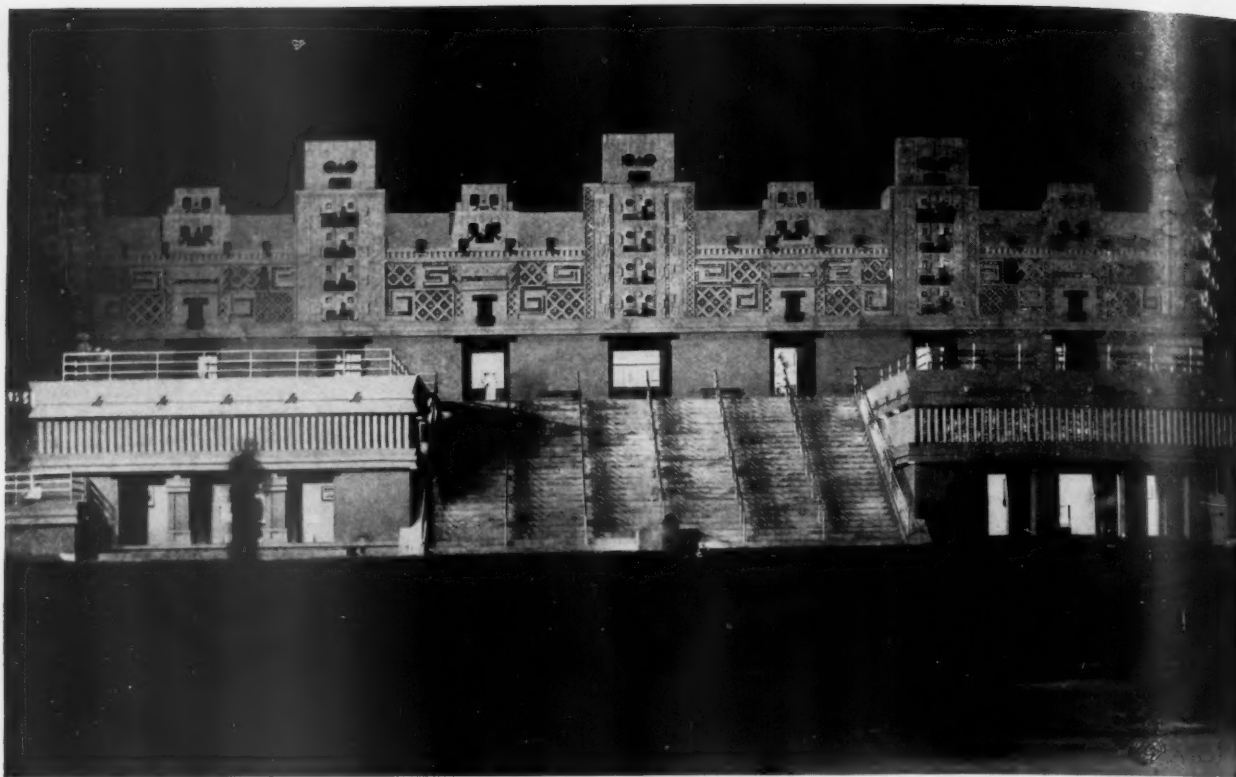


LYNN
BOGUE
HUNT

5 CENTS

OCTOBER 1933

A CODY



Reproduction of a wing of the Mayan Temple of Uxmal at A Century of Progress

See It Now

What would you give if you could see the mighty cities of the Mayas built by their great engineers and artists two thousand years ago?

They are vanished forever. In a few short weeks the World's Fair of 1933 also will have vanished forever. It will be but a memory after October 31—and will that memory be yours?

Don't miss this opportunity of your lifetime. It will not come again. See the World's Fair now—every day you can, for soon it will be *too late*.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

CHICAGO

MAY TWENTY-SEVENTH TO NOVEMBER FIRST

SOLVED! Your Son's Future Problem

Many thousands of young men are neither interested in nor fitted for academic training. Why then urge upon them careers for which the average college prepares?

Let this 30 year old school solve your son's educational problem just as it has for other parents, particularly if your son is naturally gifted along technical lines—it is well-fitted to train for a career in Electricity and Engineering.

ELECTRICITY PAYS

The dominant note at the Century of Progress Exposition is **ELECTRICITY!** In this marvelous aid to achievement Industry places its hope for the future.

For months the output of electrical power has steadily gone up. The giant is re-awakening. Employment is on the increase. But *trained* men will get the best positions. Help your son to a place in the better-paid class through intensive training for a work he will like.

In one year he can get complete training in Commercial Electrical Engineering or Commercial Radio Engineering—B.S. Degree in Electrical Engineering in 3 years (36 mos.). Special 6 months' courses in *Refrigeration and Air-Conditioning*, *Master Electrician*, *Radio Television*.

MEN STUDY ELECTRICITY RIGHT FROM START

—do actual work on regulation equipment. Famous "Unit System" of training has proved most efficient. Each semester a complete unit of training—student advances according to ability.

PAY TUITION MONTHLY

In keeping with the times, students may pay tuition monthly. Many earn portion of living expenses. 310 students placed in part-time jobs during last 6 months. Scholarship loan fund for those needing help. This school has successful graduates in all parts of the world. Let us help your son as we have helped others. Fall classes now forming.

MILWAUKEE SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING

Founded in 1903

Dept. R10-32

Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send without obligation, free Photo-Story and complete details about subjects checked with "X."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Electrical Engineer, 1 yr. | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Radio Engineer, 1 yr. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineer, 3 yrs., B.S. Degree | <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Refrigeration & Air Conditioning |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Master Electrician | <input type="checkbox"/> Home Laboratory Service |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio, Television | <input type="checkbox"/> "Earn While Learning" Plan |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Armature Winding | <input type="checkbox"/> Scholarship Loan Fund |

Your Name.....Address.....

Son's Name.....Age.....Education.....



CRIME!

How Should We Abolish It?

Is capital punishment the best cure? Clarence Darrow, famous criminal lawyer, says no. Henry Barrett Chamberlin, chairman of the Chicago Crime Commission, believes that more punishment by death would be a great factor toward discouraging crime. The views of these authorities will be set forth in your November *Rotarian*.

Youth Commits 42% of Crime

LONDON, Sept. 3—Forty-two per cent of the persons in England and Wales found guilty last year of indictable offenses were under 21.

Frequently, we see such news items; but what can we do about it?

Prevention Is the Greatest Need

"Crime is not instinctive with man," says Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing. "It is an acquired preference." The most urgent need in the fight against crime is, therefore, effective measures of prevention. Warden Lawes has written a thought-stimulating article on the crime situation.

In
Your

ROTARIAN
for November

Readers' Open Forum

Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, or setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. They should be as brief as possible.

"Should We Disband?"

To the Editors:

Looking through the August *ROTARIAN* I came to the editorial comments and was especially attracted to that one on page 37 "When going is hard."

Perhaps it is invidious to cite examples as you say. But you did cite one, and I want to cite another.

In prosperous times the Caruthersville Rotary Club had 30 names on its roster. Then came the bank failure. The people were stunned. A few Rotarians dropped out but we carried on. Then came another bank failure. More Rotarians dropped out. All of the Rotary club money was in both banks. When the second bank failed we did not have enough cash on hand to pay for the meals of the next meeting. Our membership was down to eleven. But not one Rotarian who stayed in the club said "Shall we disband?" but rather "How can we carry on?"

Times were fearfully hard. All business was discouraged. So we agreed to reduce the price of our meals to 25 cents. For three or four meetings the remnant of the old guard met in my office and we had sandwiches and soft drinks for lunch. Then the ladies of the Presbyterian church came to our rescue and offered to serve us a light plate lunch for 25 cents. We agreed that we would make the assessment for dues and meals \$5.00 per quarter, and from that little bunch of earnest Rotarians and under the leadership of Ollie Chilton, our last president, we began to grow and again reached a membership of 25 where we now remain and function as of old.

CHAS. E. WATSON,

Past President and Past Secretary, Rotary Club Caruthersville, Mo.

A City Manager Writes

To the Editors:

In reply to your post-card communication, please be advised that I have read with interest your review of the history and progress of the City Manager government at Atchison, Kansas.

This particular city has operated under the Commission Manager form of government continuously without political interruption or agitation since April 21, 1923. The first City Manager was Mr. Clifford Ham, who served until April, 1924. I happen to be the second City Manager.

The net debt at present is only \$38,500. The original inherited debt from the old form of government was \$122,500. This was an unfunded debt with exception of about \$1,500. The tax rate, for city purposes, has been reduced over 25 per cent. Most of the city commissioners have been reelected without any opposition. There are five men serving three-year terms and these are rotated. Practically no bonds except a small percentage of special-assessment bonds have been issued and these have been sold directly over the counter in small denominations to local investors which tells the story of confidence. All water and light utility bonds have been retired in full. Only \$8,000 of general city bonds have been issued since the inception of this form of government. These were issued largely as an employment project.

F. R. BUECHNER,

Gladstone, Mich.

City Manager

"Moribund?"

To the Editors:

First impressions are lasting.

Rotary is one of the oldest of the service clubs. It is this very matter of age that is making Rotary appear shabby in comparison with some three or four other clubs that could be named. I don't wish to imply that we are shabby or that we have anything to apologize for, but there is one thing that makes us appear less progressive in the eyes of the public than some of our friendly competitors.

I refer to the Rotary signs that one sees from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Many of them have been up for a dozen years or more and they still endeavor to call attention to the Rotary club of the city or town just ahead. Frequently one of the other service clubs has placed its club sign in a more conspicuous place and almost without exception the sign is more recent, better painted, and altogether more attractive than the Rotary sign. I do not by any means wish to disparage the Rotary clubs themselves. They are live, progressive organizations wherever I have visited them, but the signs of many of them would lead the observer to suppose them to be moribund.

Many of the signs do not give the day of meeting. This is possibly due to some change that was found necessary in the past. To the traveller the day and hour of meeting are most important. If we decide to renovate our local sign, let's not forget to include those two items.

FLOYD HURLBUT

Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y.

Dijon's Welcome

To the Editors:

Dijon is a knot of rails and automobile streets; just the right halting-place when en route for Paris, Marseilles, Switzerland, and Italy. We should indeed be pleased to receive visits from American and other overseas visitors. I for one would gladly promise interesting tours for them, through the vineyards and picturesque country. If I can assist any visitors, I gladly offer my services.

ROBERT DETOURBET,
President, Dijon Rotary Club

Dijon, France

"Less Specialists"

To the Editors:

Some weeks ago I was asked to say something in regard to Arthur C. Christie's article with regard to the cost of Medical Care which I have been very closely associated with for the past five years. I have only a few terse suggestions to make.

That Physicians be absolutely ethical.

More General Practitioners.

Less Specialists.

Very Few Groups.

Centralized Pathological Laboratories.

Government to provide Treatment only for Service-connected Disabilities.

Closer relations to Public Health Service.

We have too much of a tendency to centralize everything in the National Government.

L. M. ANDERSON, M.D.

Lake City, Fla.

[Additional "Letters" on page 41]

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME XLIII

OCTOBER, 1933

NUMBER 4

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As its official publication this magazine carries authoritative notices and articles in regard to the activities of Rotary International. In other respects responsibility is not assumed for the opinions expressed by authors.

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Southern Representative: George M. Kohn,
Walton Building, Atlanta, Georgia.



Photo: Rotarian Henri Manuel, Paris

Marseilles—Picturesque, Historic

SEA-FARING Phoenicians, according to legend, founded this city. Later it became a Greek colony, then a part of the Roman empire. Readers of Dumas, however, will best remember it for associations with "The Count of Monte Cristo." Today it is the French gate of the Far East and a thriving emporium for trade with the Levant.

The "Forbidden Thing"

By Dwight Marvin

G. K. CHESTERTON, in one of those dynamic, paradoxical works for which he is famous, points out that, in the "ethics of Elfland," all things are possible if one will observe the rules of the game. These rules declare that, to secure any satisfaction, one must deny himself something else. He may marry the princess provided he always avoids saying, "Yes." He may own the goose that lays the golden egg if he never asks a question. Cinderella may go to the dance with fairy patronage if she returns at twelve. There is always a condition; and if ignored, the house of happiness falls like a pack of cards never to rise again.

We have it everywhere in human life—for the ethics of Elfland are not so different from those of earth! The world might have been still an Eden if Eve had not tasted of forbidden fruit—or, if we prefer Grecian mythology, if Pandora had been content to leave the magic box unopened. The roads of the whole country are open to the motorist; but he must keep within certain limits or no roads will be open.

The taboo is not the silliness of the savage; it is a sanctity of civilization. There is no "thou shalt" without its "thou shalt not." In every walk of life one can grow, expand, and find liberty if one learns the rules and remembers to avoid the forbidden thing.

Rotary is exceedingly elastic. Anyone who visits various clubs is impressed with their differences. This one is quiet, that one is almost riotous. This is dignified, that is tomboyish. This is businesslike, that is haphazard. This is made up of community leaders, that consists chiefly of men who are yet to arrive.

But is that elasticity wholly free from things forbidden? Decidedly not. There are conditions upon which all must work. Some of them are set down definitely in the books. Without them Rotary would not be Rotary at all. Such are financial obligations, classification and attendance rules, and the like. If these are not observed the organization is merely a neighborhood luncheon club, no matter how vigorously it flings to the wind its banner of Rotary.

These are the warp and the woof of Rotary. But

Cinderella went to the ball but had to be home by the stroke of twelve. And so each good thing has its price, even weekly friendship.

it is not of these we would speak. Beyond them, ever above them, lies a forbidden thing whose importance is beyond measure, for it concerns the spiritual, not the mechanical, essence of Rotary. For Rotary is nothing if it is not a brotherhood. It stands for equality and fraternity throughout the club and throughout the world. And there are implications in brotherhood which pass beyond the machine into the nature of its product.

THE forbidden thing is the presence in a club, a district, a national, or the international organization of cliques or cabals to advance selfish interests, to assure group ends. They begin innocently enough, with congenial souls who trend toward the same table at luncheon. They lead to an unconscious effort to support each other for program plans or for office. Suddenly they become conscious, realize their power and turn political—and the organization is cursed with factionalism and the appearance of discontent.

It is worthwhile to keep the fences of fellowship in repair. Once allow Rotarians to divide permanently, geographically, metropolitan and provincial, large and small clubs, older Rotarians and young Rotarians, and the cause is in danger. If such a split should continue, the cause might be lost. There should be divisions on every election, every program discussion. Healthy debate is the essence of organized progress. But if this crystallizes into fixed groups, either in Rotary as a whole or in its parts, look out for disintegration.

Brotherhood cannot thrive on suspicion. It cannot live in an atmosphere of jealousy. It depends upon confidence, understanding, and sincerity of friendship. To carry on any factional feeling from month to month and from year to year, splitting clubs or larger units into clearly definitized parties; to subvert the wholesome brotherhood of service into an antagonism of ambitions and issues—these are not Rotary.

They are the forbidden thing.

Advertising's New Rôles

By Earnest Elmo Calkins

Author of *Business the Civilizer*, etc.

ONCE upon a time the President of the United States, when he had anything to suggest for the good of the nation, put it in a message and sent it over to Congress. Congress looked it over and decided what if any of the President's suggestions should be passed on to the people in the form of legislation. Congress could take it or leave it. There was nothing the President could do about it. His power was limited to the amount of pressure he could bring to bear on the so-called legislators.

Today the President sits down before the microphone and talks directly to the people. He tells the nation what he wants to do and why, and next morning Congress has heard its master's voice, and, spurred by mandates from the people, it meekly enacts the legislation the President has asked for.

Thus the art of advertising has been introduced into the art of government. For observe the parallel.

Once upon a time the manufacturer of any sort of goods sent his travelling men to the retail dealers to show them the goods and urge them to buy, and the dealers bought or not just as they thought best. The dealers could take them or leave them and there was

"Disease and war," says Mr. Calkins, "are two enemies of mankind that need only public knowledge . . . to fade out of civilization." They are both fair targets, he says, for this new "public welfare" advertising, which he prophesies.

Why not take this powerful force, now utilized in distributing goods, and use it to spread ideas vital to the happiness of the human race?

nothing the manufacturer could do about it. There was no pressure he could bring to bear on them.

Today the manufacturer goes directly to the public over the radio or in the pages of newspapers and magazines, and tells people what he has for sale and why he thinks it good and desirable, and the public serves its mandate on the dealer who now has to sell

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY CALKINS & HOLDEN, NEW YORK

One out of six after forty (one out of nine at all ages)



Is it necessary? No.

Doctors know what causes heart disease. They know symptoms that appear long before the heart is attacked.

Among them are acute inflammatory rheumatism, chorea (St. Vitus' dance), recurrent sore throat, tonsillitis, infected tonsils, bad teeth, and what for years was innocently called 'growing pains' for children, too, die of heart disease.

Don't wait until it is too late. Consult your doctor. Heart disease should be prevented before it reaches the heart. Only by popular knowledge can this most fatal of all our diseases be checked.

that manufacturer's goods whether he wants to or not.

The manufacturer learned long ago that the consumer is boss, and now government is learning the same advertising lesson, for the consumer and the citizen are one and the same person, and if he can be sold goods by advertising, he can be sold legislation by the same means, and that is exactly what the President is doing, and his action is big with promise for the future of both government and advertising.

WHY, even that cablegram sent to fifty-four nations urging them to coöperate for world peace followed a well-developed advertising technique. It was old reliable direct-by-mail advertising that has sold everything from moth-balls to motor-boats. Such official communications were formerly routed through diplomatic channels and lost most of their virtue in the process, among them publicity, which is such a help in getting new ideas past the politicians and diplomats into the heads of the people, who are actually in such matters the party of the first part, though hitherto seldom treated as such and scarcely aware of it.

Another portent which may foreshadow tremendous things in advertising is the advent of truth. Yes, dear reader, I mean exactly that. An experiment is being tried in New York which may prove a landmark in advertising history. For rugged and ruthless honesty in business announcements has been comparatively rare. There have been from time to time sporadic outbursts of frankness which have brought startling results. There is a legend that a one-time advertising manager of Wanamaker's, seeking store news, asked a department head:

"What have you got?"

"I've got 168 raincoats that aren't worth a damn, and I'm going to sell them for \$1.68."

To the horror of that department head and the dismay of his superiors the advertisement appeared in the morning's papers in just those words, but before any protests could be registered, buyers began



to arrive and before noon the last of those raincoats had been sold.

But what I refer to specifically is the courageous venture of Gimbels department store in New York City. When the preliminary announcement appeared, advertising men sat up and took notice. It was headed "Gimbels tells the whole truth." These paragraphs from that foreword give the gist of it:

"For years on end, we at Gimbels have been thinking that we were telling the truth. We have been supported in our belief by the 'custom of the business,' by 'trade privilege,' by reports from the Better Business Bureau of New York, and by the comments of our customers.

"But what we have been telling was, so to speak, 'commercial truth.' We would tell you, quite honestly, that a certain pair of curtains had been copied, in design, from a famous model, that the colors were pleasing, that the price was very low. *Every word of this*

was true. But we have failed to say that the curtains would probably fade after one or two seasons of wear. . . .

"We believe it is time to take a revolutionary step, in line with the beliefs of the Administration, and of the opinions of intelligent people everywhere. We believe that old-fashioned 'commercial truth' has no place in the New Deal. From now on, all Gimbels advertising (and every word told you by a Gimbel salesman or saleswoman) will be —

"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

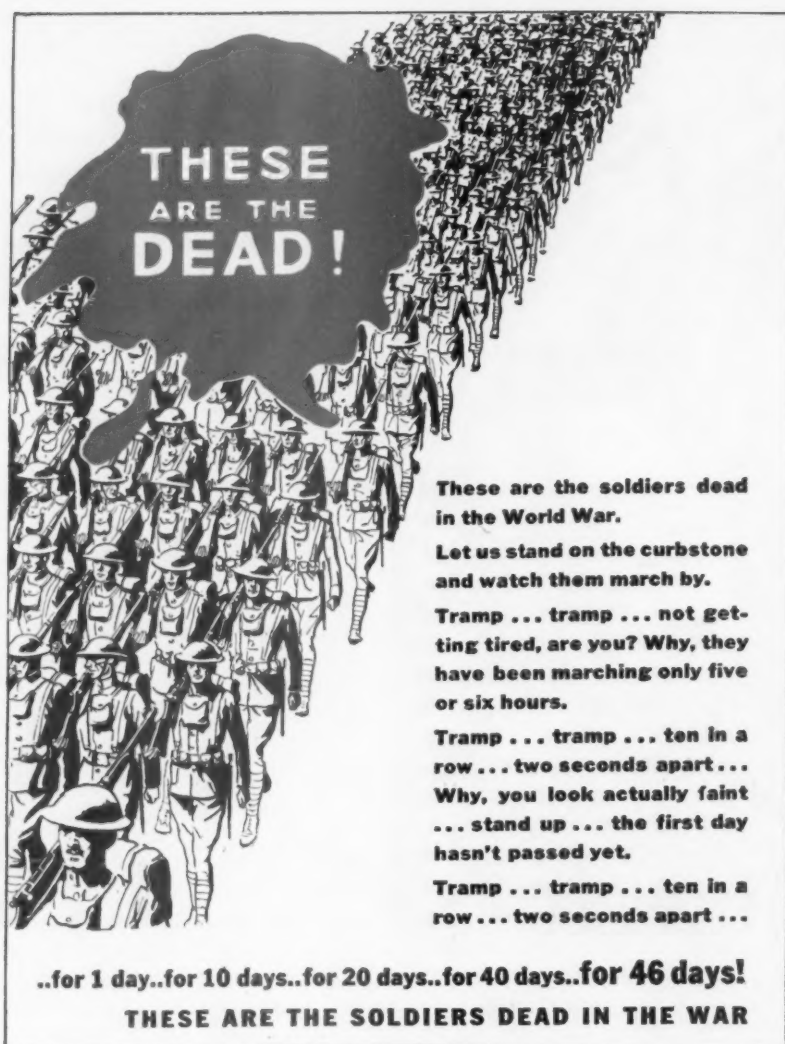
SINCE that forthright announcement the regular daily advertisements have contained such disarming paragraphs as these:

"We have taken the 243 accumulated rugs and slashed their prices for a one-day sell out. They're not all in the colors interior decorators choose. A few are unquestionably lemons. But the great majority are in good taste. . . ."

"They're good towels. With reasonable use they ought to last a year. If you want towels to last two years we recommend Gimbels 'Westpoint' made by Martex for 49 cents."

At least two results should follow such a policy from the start. Immediately the advertising becomes more interesting to the reader, and reader confidence is greatly enhanced. Nothing so strengthens a statement as an apparently damaging admission.

Do not forget that this venture is still an experi-



DESIGNED BY EDWARD MOLYNEUX. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"If public money can be spent to advertise recruiting," says Mr. Calkins, "it can be spent to advertise the futility and economic nonsense of war."

ment, to be judged by results, and also by the continued attitude of the store. How deep does it go? How permanent is it? Is it a sincere, enduring policy or a device to attract attention? If the former, it is of the utmost value to the future course of advertising.

These two incidents suggest some very interesting possibilities. If advertising can be used to simplify the difficulties of legislation, and, further, if advertising can be made a dependable, believable vehicle, interesting because of its truth and sincerity, an amazing future opens before it. A force which has done so much to distribute all sorts of goods, most of them of real benefit to mankind, is not going to be overlooked when it comes to distributing ideas. There are movements, trends, undertakings of the utmost import to the human race that need now only advertising—that is, public knowledge—to make them

vigorously effective on a large scale. But first to make it clearer, as we discuss it, let me discriminate between advertising and publicity, which most people think are the same thing, and really are the same thing, except that to keep the records straight, advertising men have decided to call advertising that which is paid for, and publicity that which is free.

For instance, the great Century of Progress exhibition at Chicago, so far as I know, has had but very little paid advertising. When some of his associates suggested to Rufus Dawes the advisability of making an appropriation, he negated the proposal. "Do something worth talking about," he is said to have said, "and you will get your advertising for nothing." It is true that newspapers of the country are giving an amazing amount of space to the show and it may answer the purpose, but, as a rule, free publicity cannot do the work of paid advertising. It lacks direction, control, the steady aim at a fixed goal. It is apt to fail when you need it most.

Admirably conceived and managed as has been Chicago's great show, the time will come when its managers

will realize they overlooked one essential element of progress. Many worthwhile movements have gotten nowhere because they depended entirely on what the newspapers would do for nothing. Newspapers being run for profit and not as a public utility can consider only the news content of publicity stuff, which ceases as soon as the public loses interest.

ADVERTISING cannot afford to stop when the public loses interest. That is what advertising is for, to whip up a fresh interest, combat indifference, carry on, create action, achieve a purpose. Because of this fact, paid advertising must be the logical way of accomplishing certain desirable ends from selling health to averting war, and because such ends are not the concern of any one industry or group, such advertising must be a public charge and thus may properly become one of the functions of governments.

Suppose, for a moment, there had been a policy of what might be called "public good" advertising, advertising to promote the common weal, those great objectives which are nobody's business because they are everybody's. Take the surplus wheat with which America has long struggled. Every way of disposing of it has been tried except the obvious one of eating it. That we could have eaten it if it had been sold to us (by advertising, of course, as that is the only way) can be shown by a few figures:

The annual per-capita consumption of wheat is now $4\frac{1}{2}$ bushels. Before the war it was $5\frac{1}{2}$ bushels. That $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels is the surplus. That we once ate more bread and hence consumed more wheat than we do now proves that we could do it again.

The drop in wheat consumption was caused by several things. First war propaganda, "conserve the wheat for the men fighting in Europe." Next the slenderness fad which put millions of women on diet. Also the prosperous years taught us to eat many new and more expensive foods and cut down on the bread, rolls, spaghetti, cakes, pies, cookies, doughnuts, and other foods in which wheat is the largest ingredient. All these results were accomplished by propaganda—a form of advertising. What advertising has done, advertising can undo. The people can be brought back to wheat by the same means through which they were weaned from it.

Only a part of the im-


"The people can be brought back to wheat by the same means through which they were weaned from it, through advertising."

mense sums spent to peg the price of wheat would be needed to advertise it back to its former popularity, and the government would not only have solved its emergency problem but provided a future market, instead of being left holding the bag. What would such a concern as the du Ponts do with such a problem? The end of the war found them with large stocks of nitrocellulose on hand and no market for it. The chemists found peace-time use for it, a hundred new products were sold by advertising, and the whole world was wrapped in cellophane.

It may be asked, who is to pay for all this advertising for the public good? The answer is, we are—the people. We pay anyway. We paid for the wheat price pegging. We will pay [*Continued on page 58*]

WRITTEN AND DESIGNED BY CALKINS & HOLDEN, NEW YORK

B R E A D



The oldest food in the world, old as civilization.
Tested and tried for 6000 years.
So necessary to mankind it is the symbol of food—as "earn one's bread", "the staff of life"
The most complete, the most nourishing, the most wholesome and the least expensive food.
Do you eat enough of it?
Before the war we ate more bread, the equivalent of 30 loaves a year, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels of wheat. We went off bread and other things made of wheat; we curtailed a desirable and delicious food, and there was a surplus of wheat.
If we would again eat these thirty loaves, we would be the better for it, and the country would save the nearly half a billion dollars it spends to make up to the farmer his loss on the wheat we do not eat.
One more slice of bread each meal would do it.

Thomas A. Morgan



This Debate—

Few questions of international import are more widely discussed at the moment than formal recognition of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. This exchange of opinion is offered as an impartial contribution to the clarification of the facts and issues involved.

Often this question is debated *in general*—and with little benefit. To avoid that, THE ROTARIAN has limited this discussion to the United States of America, cognizant of the fact that not only are readers in all lands interested in the points of view of leaders in America, but that the arguments *pro* and *con* may apply in degree to other countries where opinion on the subject is divided.



Should the United States Recognize Russia?

THE general offices of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation are on Fifty-seventh Street, just off Fifth Avenue, in New York City. The president of Curtiss-Wright is Thomas A. Morgan. Mr. Morgan is also chairman of the board of the Sperry Gyroscopic Company and a director in half a dozen other American manufacturing corporations that sell their products abroad.

"THE ROTARIAN wants to know," I told Mr. Morgan, "why you believe the United States should formally recognize Soviet Russia."

With no hesitancy he answered:

"I think the question might be put in a better way: Why

Yes

Says—

Thomas A. Morgan

*President of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation,
in an interview with—*

J. R. Sprague

hasn't the United States recognized the Russian government before now?"

I knew then that I was about to interview a first-class salesman. Any one who has ever sold merchandise knows that the

Photomontage by Dave Fletcher, Underwood & Underwood. Photos by permission of Ewing Galloway, Wide World, and Keystone.



main thing to do is to take a strong stand right in the beginning. If you can put your prospect on the defensive, your sale is as good as made.

Mr. Morgan wants it distinctly understood that whatever he says in favor of Russian recognition is purely from a business standpoint.

"The United States makes airplanes, electrical goods, automobiles, farm machinery—a hundred other things that Russia needs. We need to sell these goods more than ever before in our history. We are doing some business with Russia, but not in the volume we should. We are at a disadvantage. Our European competitors get the Russian business because their governments have recognized Russia, and our government hasn't. Russia wants to trade with the United States.

"So I say: If our government's recognition of the Russian government will help us get our rightful share of this business, I believe we should recognize."

But Mr. Morgan also says this:

"I am a citizen of the United States. I have served with the armed forces of my country, and I have spent more than twenty years in the development of this country's trade abroad, but I can say with all the sincerity that is in me that no company with which I have been associated would have accepted one dollar of Russian business if there had been one iota of evidence that it was in any way harmful to the interests of our own country."

Mr. Morgan learned his salesmanship direct from life. He was born in Granville County, North Carolina, eighteen miles from town, where a boy has one pair of shoes a year that he takes off as soon as the frost is out of the ground in Spring. He attended the high school in Littleton, North Carolina, where he earned his board and keep by being night telephone operator and by "shooting trouble" on the telephone line Saturdays and Sundays. In his spare time he did work around the dormitories. But in 1905 there

was no National Recovery Act to set a minimum wage, and in June of that year he found himself sunk in debt. He owed \$20.

THEN was when he went in for salesmanship. With four other boys he started out to provide the citizenry of North Carolina with enlarged photographs of loved ones. They worked for a Chicago firm, but strictly on a commission basis. Every Sunday the boys met in some village where the leader, a young divinity student, assigned each boy a certain road that would eventually lead him to the following Sunday's meeting place. The Chicago firm tolerated no slackness. The salesman had to visit every household on his road, white or colored. And selling was not easy.

The territory had been worked by competitors. Considering the assets of most prospects, the unit of sale was high. The cheapest enlarged photograph was \$1.98, and the company insisted that the purchaser should pay 25 cents in advance as evidence of good faith. Yet in spite of these difficulties, Salesman Morgan, aged 17, went back to high school that September able to liquidate his \$20 debt, and with nearly \$50 beside. He would have had more except that the Chicago firm would not allow its salesmen to go barefooted. He wore out four pairs of shoes in the three months.

But what has all this got to do with the question of the government of the [Continued on page 49]

Should the United States Recognize Russia?

SITTING in his law office in New York, Mr. Bainbridge Colby expressed in no measured terms his strong opposition to recognition of the Soviet government by the United States.

Thirteen years ago, as secretary of state under President Wilson, Mr. Colby replied to an inquiry from the Italian ambassador as to the United States' attitude upon the conflict that was then taking place between Russia and Poland. The answer at the time produced a profound sensation. During the intervening years it has laid down the course which has been followed by succeeding secretaries of state.

Today, with all sorts of rumors concerning recognition in the air, the former secretary of state has not changed his views. He sees the same objections that existed when Lenin and Trotsky first formulated their ideas of a Bolshevik state. It is no quarrel with the Russian people which Mr. Colby has. It is a firm belief that the Russian government is not content to confine its system within its own borders but hopes, ultimately, to spread its ideas throughout the world.

Since Mr. Colby wrote his official note he has refrained from speaking publicly upon the question of Soviet recognition, feeling it was "the part of good taste to leave the further discussion to others."

However, he feels so strongly on the subject that when I went to see him and asked him to explain his objections to Sov-

iet recognition, he gave me his ideas freely and unreservedly.

"The original refusal of the United States to recognize Russia," he said, "had no basis on any financial grounds, as many people believe. The fact that the Bolshevik government had repudiated its debt to this country played absolutely no

No

Says—

Bainbridge Colby

Former United States Secretary of State, in an interview with—

S. J. Woolf

Photomontage by
Dave Fletcher of
Underwood &
Underwood



Photographs
Used by permis-
sion of Ewing Galloway,
Wide World, and Keystone.

part in our stand. This point I want to stress, for many people have the notion that our action was prompted by financial considerations.

"Moreover, the type of government which Russia saw fit to adopt had nothing to do with our attitude, nor did its communism and other theories of economic and social relations. Those are questions which the Russian people must settle for themselves and in which this government did not concern itself.

"It was not prompted," he continued, "by



Bainbridge
Colby



solely upon the fact that Russia was an enemy state and, to my mind, its attitude toward us has not changed since the original note was written.

"We stated at that time that the existing regime was based upon the negation of every principle of honor and good faith and every usage and convention underlying the whole structure of international law.

"Upon numerous occasions, the responsible spokesmen of this power have declared that they believed that the very existence of Bolshevism depended upon the occurrence of revolutions in all the other great states.

They have since made it plain that they intend to use every means, and this of course includes diplomatic agencies, to promote such revolutions."

I asked him if Russian ideas on this subject had not changed.

"**O**F COURSE," he replied, "there have been denials and concealments and disguises, but beneath them all is a subtle propaganda. There is no getting around the fact that the present government is directly linked with the Communist Internationale, and anyone cognizant with the situation knows that the central purpose of this organization is the fomenting of revolution in every non-Bolshevist state."

"Has it not been the policy [*Continued on page 50*]

any desire to influence the internal administration of Russia or to express an opinion, either favorable or adverse, upon her institutions. This fact was expressly stated by the United States, although we believed that the rulers of Russia at that time did not rule by the will of any considerable portion of the Russian people. At the moment when the work of creating a representative government based upon universal suffrage was in progress, the Bolsheviks, a forceful and cunning minority, seized the powers of government.

"However, the United States refrained from interfering with the internal affairs of another sovereign state and while it expressed the hope that a government representing the free will of the people would soon be established, it did not withhold its recognition on this ground.

"Our refusal to grant that recognition was based



Buying Sour Milk, Village of Columna, U. S. S. R.

Photographs by
Margaret Bourke-White
and hitherto unpublished

Russia—Old and Young

ALMOST everyone has a hobby, but to very few comes the good fortune of making it into an extremely profitable commercial venture. Margaret Bourke-White is one of the few.

Her hobby was taking photographs. When she was graduated from Cornell University in 1927, this twenty-two year old girl returned to her home in Cleveland, continued to snap pictures. Almost before she realized it, she was a professional. Two years ago her income was estimated at \$50,000!

This, of course, did not just happen. Miss Bourke-White has enthusiasm, an eye for the artistic, nerve. She thinks nothing of making shots clinging to the spire of Manhattan's skyscraping Chrysler Building, where it took three men to steady her tripod. Canadian lumberjacks still talk of how she got her pictures of lumbering operations when the thermometer was 27 degrees below zero.

But none of her work has attracted more attention than the pictures she has made in Russia. She takes great pains with her work, a fact her posers there especially appreciated, for to them the photographer is the artist of the revered Machine Age. "Thank you! Thank you!" was the usual response to the click of the shutter, but one woman

wept for joy. Being photographed was the consummate event in her life.

Many of Miss Bourke-White's photographs have been published; but not these. THE ROTARIAN is privileged to present them for the first time.

Buying Sour Milk

Food . . . the great problem. To the discerning, this picture is an expansive commentary on Russian life and its economic processes. Note the way the sour milk is dispensed, the shapely containers, the costumes, but above all the expressions. Each is a Dickensian study in human nature.

Children Eating Bread

What of Russia's future? It lies in the hands of such as these. . . . Will they embrace the political-religious philosophy pictured in the posters? . . .

Itinerant Accordion Player

Music and rhythm, someone has remarked, flow in the veins of the Muscovite. Russian music and dances are popular in every civilized land. . . . Time and all that it brings seems never to have quenched the spark of music in the soul of the Russian peasant.



Two Children Eating Black Bread, Village of Magnalnaya, U. S. S. R.



The Itinerant Accordion Player

Will Big-Scale Farming Last?

By Arthur Capper

United States Senator from Kansas

A HUNDRED yards back from the road stands a house. It is substantial but not elaborate. Architectural influences of country club additions have passed it by. But there is a definite atmosphere of wholesomeness and security and permanency about it.

Scattered trees, beds of flowers and grass remove harshness from its surroundings. Beyond is a garden. To the rear stands a barn, a poultry house, a granary, a garage, and stacks of hay. Nearby is a feed lot. A plow, a tractor, a wagon, a truck, cultivators, harrow sections, a mowing machine, a disk, an automobile, and other machinery may be seen. A rotund silo rears up stolidly in challenge to a graceful windmill.

In an adjoining fenced meadow are brood sows and their squealing offspring. Grazing on the sloping grass land in the distance are a dozen cows. The heads of two horses are inquiringly thrust through a sturdy looking fence. Scurrying around, cackling or crowing or industriously scratching, are scores of chickens.

There's the glint of gold in a smooth field of waving wheat that the sun is rapidly warming into maturity. Beside it are upthrust the dark green stalks of corn plants. In the air is the perfume of legumes.

This is the Jones farm. Mr. Jones operates it. His son helps. There are 160 acres. Mother and daughter do the house work and look after the poultry. Cupboards in the cellar bulge with canned foods and fruits. It is a typical American farm home and the Joneses are typical American farmers.

A hundred yards back from the

This author holds that it can not. Corporations move slowly whereas the small agriculturist quickly adapts himself to new conditions.

road stands another house. It, too, is plain; built for utility. Behind it are big sheds and in them tractors, combines, heavy disk plows, trucks, harrows, and drills.

No hen cackles. No cock challenges. The grunts and squeals of hogs are not heard. There is no barn from which horses may look out with curiosity. Missing, too, are cows and green grass on which they could graze.

The sweet scent of clover is absent. There is no garden, no cellar filled with canned foods and fruit.

Photo: Rittsae



"The individual farmer, denied any cash income at all—which would not occur except as the result of flood or drouth or disaster of some sort—still can live off his land and the labor he puts in on it."



Everywhere about are fields of wheat—a greenish yellow expanse, undisturbed by fences or houses—just wheat, nothing else.

This is the headquarters of the Grain Farming Corporation. In the house is an office. Hung on one wall is a large map. Squares on the map, representing sections of land owned by the company, have been outlined with a blue pencil. There are dozens of them. While not all in one block, they are not widely scattered. Most of them are not fenced and are without buildings. In other counties are similar blocks of land growing wheat.

A MAN lives here. He looks after the buildings and machinery. Big gangs of men and machinery prepare the seedbed in the summer, return in the fall to plant the wheat, and appear once more in early summer to harvest it and haul it to market. These men do not live on the land. They are recruited when the need for them occurs and dispersed when it is satisfied.

This is a typical corporation farm producing grain exclusively.

Between these two enterprises, the family-operated farm and the corporation handling a large aggregation of land, there is inevitable conflict. The schools of thought which sponsor them are as far apart as East is from West. One or the other must meet defeat. Compromise that will permit the two systems to develop side by side is unlikely. There is no basis on which it could be effected. The systems are essentially antagonistic.

As I see it, after a lifetime spent in close contact with farmers and in constant study of their problems, both economic and social, there is but one possible outcome of this conflict—the survival and the dominance in the United States of the one-family farm, whether it be 80 or 640 acres, or even a larger area as sometimes happens.

Already there is evidence that such will be the result. Depression struck a paralyzing blow at corporation farming enterprises. Many of them were in the promotion stage when it came. The flow of capital into what everybody rec-

The individually operated farm—simple mechanical equipment, diversified crops, and a few horses, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens, and ducks.

Photos: (1), (3), (4), H. Armstrong Roberts; (2), Rittase

ognized as a speculative undertaking, was dammed up. Low prices made dividends impossible from earnings. In many cases receiverships resulted. Certainly, at this moment, the corporation farming movement is sluggish, if it has not been entirely stopped. I doubt if it ever regains the momentum it appeared to have a few years ago.

This defeat, attributable to the accident or misfortune of hard times, which will not persist, is one from which recovery might be possible, and does not of itself justify the assumption that corporation farming has passed finally out of the picture.

The reasons why it will not become well established as a practice in the United States reach much deeper than temporary economic difficulties, vicious as they may be.

The great strength of the individually operated farm is in its competitive adaptability. The weakness of the corporation farming enterprise lies in its inability swiftly to change or materially to modify its production program.

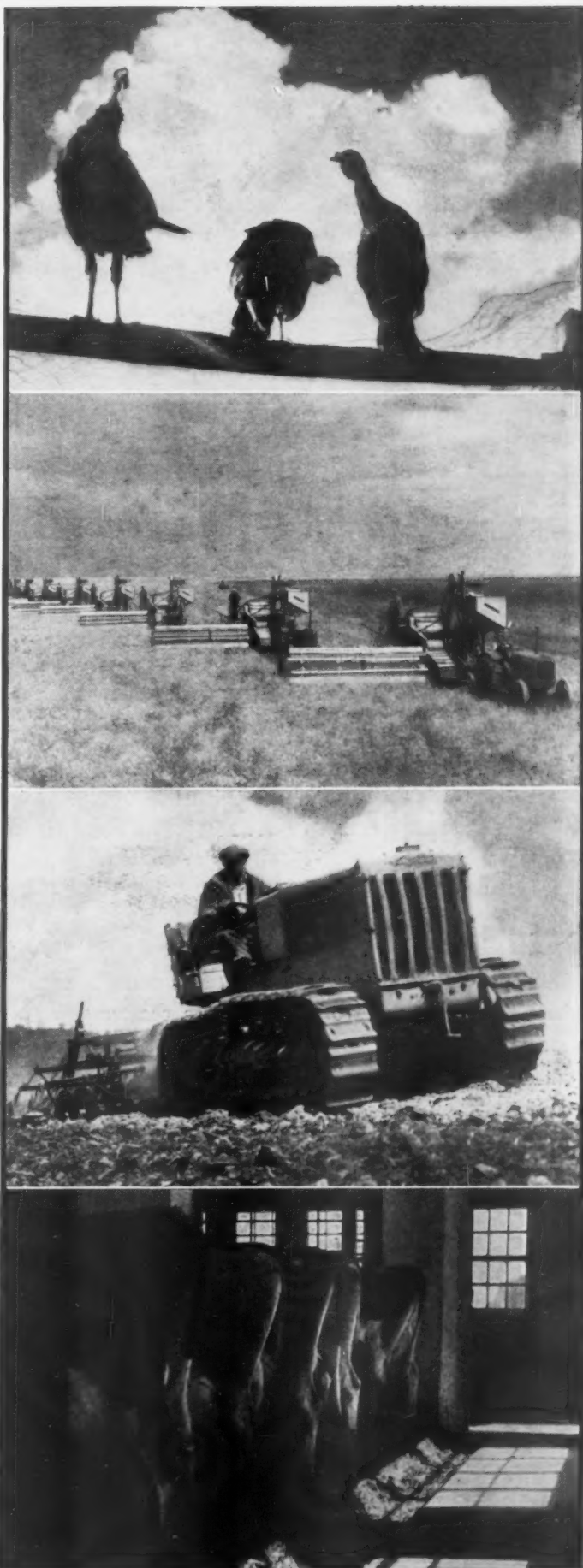
Take the case of Bert Trostle, Reno County, Kansas. For five years, beginning in 1912, he built up the fertility of his land by growing legumes. Wheat productivity increased from an average of 5 to 20 bushels an acre to an average of 20 to 38 bushels. In 1918 he became a wheat farmer, growing that cereal almost exclusively. Thanks to high prices he made money. But by 1929 fertility had seriously declined. Lower prices had pared profits. Trostle had to meet new conditions. He cut his wheat acreage about one half. He bought a beef herd. Instead of wheat he began growing sorghums, corn, native grass, alfalfa, and sweet clover.

THE McNickle brothers, Stafford County, Kansas, were wheat farmers. When changes, to meet new conditions, became imperative, they fenced and cross fenced 320 acres, stocked the land with beef cattle, hogs, and sheep, doubled their alfalfa acreage, and began growing feed crops.

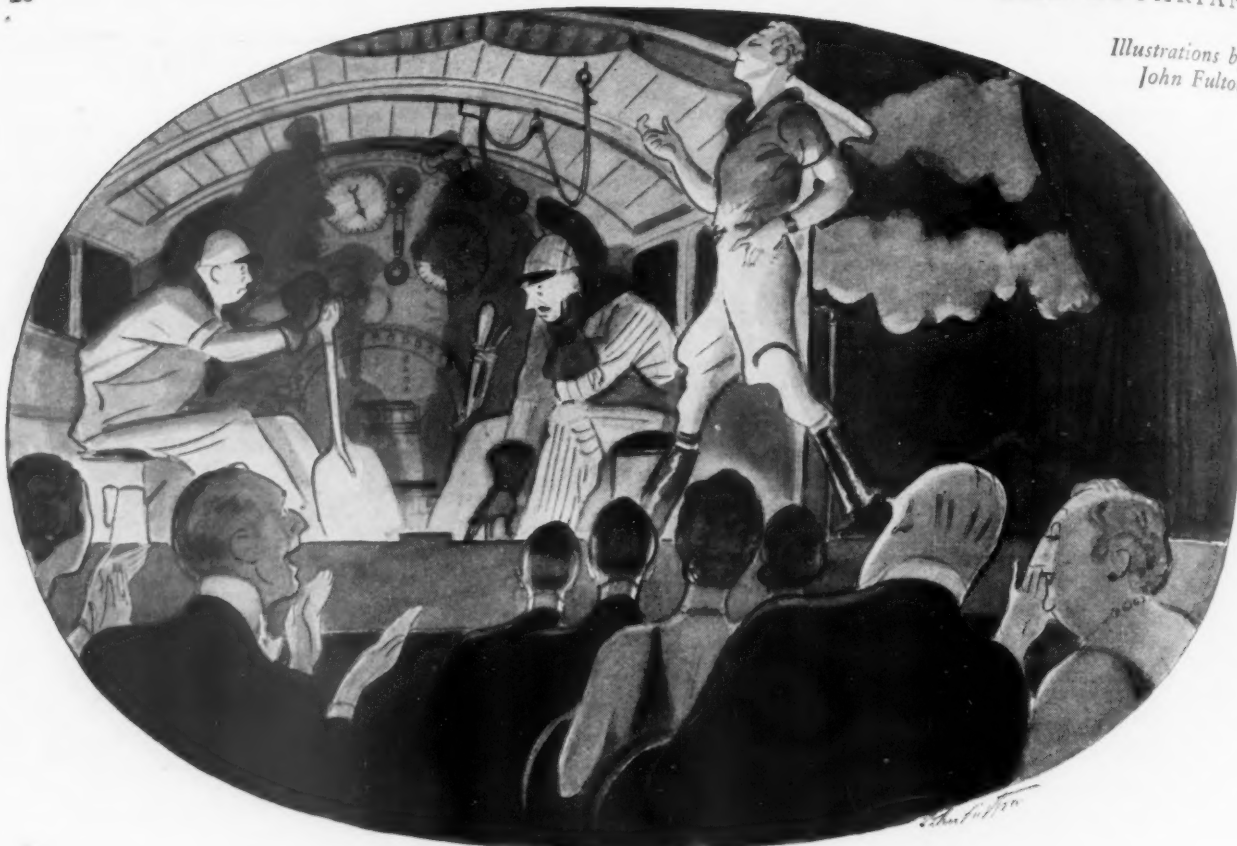
There are thirteen [Continued on page 59]

The corporation farm—hired labor and tractor-drawn equipment, usually a single source of income, be it wheat, poultry, or dairy products.

Photos: (1), (3), (4), Rittase; (2), International Harvester Co.



Illustrations by
John Fulton



*"Now at this juncture, without danger of being too crude or too inartistic,
I think we can let the hero quietly enter the cab and sit on the steam pipes."*

A Plain Man at the Play

By Stephen Leacock

FORTY years ago, when some of us were forty years younger than we are now, the theater was carried on by straight hand-to-hand acting. The actors were well-armed, determined people and they fought the play through. Of course, they took their lives in their hands; they were liable to be drowned, shot, or blown up anywhere in act II, III, or IV. It always seemed a miracle that they were still alive in act V with the dead body of the villain smoking on the floor, the missing will found, and the heroine clasped in the hero's arms, which went once and a half around her.

This used to be called Melodrama and it was played, at its best, at ten-twenty-thirty cents. Any lift in the price put a false polish on it and spoiled it.

They say that the old Melodrama is still there if you know where to find it. But for most of us, whether we like it or not, its place is being taken by the new High Brow Drama. These two dramas, the

A heavy sigh for the Melodrama of the good old gas-light days—and a suggestion on how to make theater-going a pleasure again.

High Brow and the Melo, are wide apart. The new High Brow is not exactly played in the theaters. At least it is "given" in Little Theaters, Repertory Theaters, Community Theaters, College Auditoriums, and places like that.

The old Melodrama needed nothing but lots of sawdust, chewing tobacco, and bright open gas lights. It didn't even need fire escapes. If the audience got burned, that was too bad, but there were lots more.

The new High Brow is played among soft lights, huge ferns, heavy curtains, dim corridors, and attendants with dark lanterns.

The old Melo was played for money, just straight-out money. It had no artistic purpose whatsoever: any of the actors was ready for murder or suicide or infanticide—ready, in fact, for anything for money.

But the new High Brow Drama is not put on for money. It is done in connection with town-planning, park-making, slum-killing, children's welfare, and maternity hospitals. The people who play it don't care about money; the people who write it are too artistic to think of money.

THAT'S why the prices are what they are: not the old ten-twenty-thirty (infants in arms free), but seats at one-dollar-fifty, two-dollars and two-fifty. In fact you had better pay two-fifty and be done with it. You see you have to go; either your daughter is acting in it, or your friend's sister wrote it, or your son-in-law staged it. All the town is caught in the same net. So there you are in your two-fifty seat in your local Community Repertory Theater, waiting for it to begin. Don't hurry it. It will start in an hour or so. The old Melo began on time; because the actors had their supper at the hotel at six o'clock and had nowhere else to go. But the new Repertory Community takes a lot of starting.

But even when it does start, somehow there seems something wrong with it, at least for those of us who remember the old Melo of forty years ago. It all seems too—how shall I call it?—too quiet. There's not enough *action* to it. The people in it do too much talk—just talk all the time, they never get down to business.

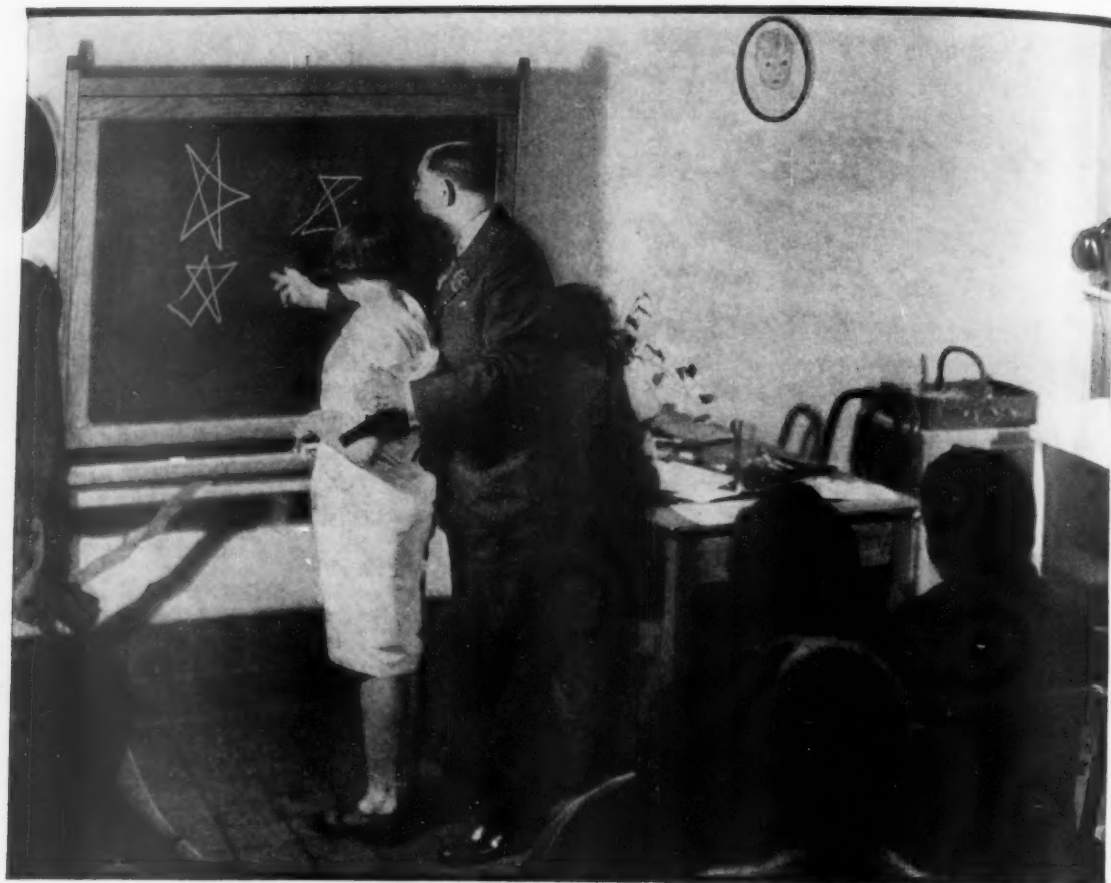
For instance, take the first act. There's the heroine on the stage with a man. You can't exactly make out who he is because there's no decent gas light and you can't see to read the program. But it doesn't matter. All he does and all she does is just *talk*. In the old play, if the fair heroine was left alone with a man, he was supposed to start something,—either tie her by the feet and throw her out the window, or else soak her with chloroform. This got the play off to a good start. But in the new Community-Repertory-Art-for-Art's-Sake the heroine is perfectly safe. The fellow isn't man enough to lay a hand on her.

So presently the man goes out and the heroine is left alone. Here again notice the difference. In the Melodrama if the heroine had been left alone in that room she would have started skipping round, looking in every drawer and [Continued on page 55]

"In the old play, if the fair heroine was left alone with a man, he was supposed to start something—either tie her by the feet and throw her out the window, or else soak her with chloroform."



Photo: Coppo
Acqua Organi-
zation, N. Y.



Many of the larger cities now have clinics, such as this one conducted by Dr. Ira S. Wile, which are helping children find themselves.

What Is a Bad Boy?

By Elmer T. Peterson

PIETRO was an undersized boy with an oversized temper. He had the reputation of being disobedient, stubborn, and generally bad.

Without ever having heard of Nietzsche, he seemed bent on living dangerously. He craved excitement and adventure. His favorite dish was some game featuring guns, knives, and blood-curdling whoops. Lurid movies entranced him. His family had but recently moved into their home and Pietro had no friends in the neighborhood. The other boys called him names, which he resented, and he fought in defense of his self-respect. His parents regarded this fighting as more badness. Incidentally, his parents were not altogether happy together themselves, for that matter. That had something to do with Pietro's attitude toward life. They spanked him, and he took it out on his younger brother, and that produced more complications.

He probably is a good boy under unfavorable circumstances, says this author. Proper counselling often removes the mental quirk.

Pietro spanked and was spanked. He was denied his wishes; he refused to comply with the wishes of others. His parents oppressed him; he annoyed them. Because his mother made him care for the baby or run errands when he wanted to play, he never wanted to do anything his mother wanted him to do. There was plenty of action, conflict, goings-on, and excitement, all of which probably brought Pietro much secret enjoyment.

"The play life is destined to work off a large amount of available energy, but more valuable is its service for the testing out of the self in terms of relations to others," calmly observes Dr. Ira S. Wile, of New York, who has recorded the history of Pietro.

Because most of us like stories with happy endings, it should be said that Pietro's father, with a few suggestions from a neighboring child guidance clinic, happened to find the magic way of making a good boy out of a bad one, before it was too late. He gave up corporal punishment at the right time and won the boy's confidence by playing games with him. Thus the neighbors' predictions that Pietro "would soon land in the reform school or penitentiary" were confounded. Sad to say, however, parents and teachers do not always happen to find the right treatment. It is only in a few communities in the United States that are found those modern magic-workers, the child guidance clinics, or other wise agencies organized for directing twisted child energies or tendencies into the right channels.

IN Pietro's case the cure was a fortunate resort to play. In another case recorded by Dr. Wile, the remedy was much stranger. It consisted in letting a boy use his left hand instead of his right hand. He was left-handed, and his parents had been forcing him to use his right hand. This had caused a complication in his mind which resulted in what everybody thought was "badness," until a wise doctor, skilled in mental quirks, took him under observation and made the simple correction.

Next time you see a bad boy, you might be astonished to find that this boy is not "just naturally bad," but that he has been thrown off his balance by some force beyond his knowledge or control. That force may be entirely unsuspected by his parents or teachers. It may have originated in some under-developed or over-developed gland, or some physical peculiarity, or the attitude of his parents toward one another, or even the apparently simple fact that he has a younger brother or sister.

In these days when tendencies toward criminality are such a tremendous concern to society at large, it is exceedingly important to find out just what makes bad boys and girls bad. It is time to shake off the

last vestiges of the superstition that it is just "Old Nick" getting into them. If we can find out some of these things, we may head off a lot of crime and general worthlessness a decade or two hence. Mental welfare on a large scale is even more important than purely anatomical well-being, much as we all endorse and support every possible movement toward the correction of anatomical defects.

The writer has no sympathy with the maudlin, sloppy sentimentality that would absolve mature criminals of blame for their criminality. Self-discipline is one of the mainstays of civilization. It is nevertheless true and obvious that we grown-ups owe it to our children to guide their steps away from the paths that eventually lead downward into the depths of lawlessness.

Walter, when eight years of age, began to steal from his mother and others, although he had a liberal allowance from his mother and a doting grandfather. He did not lie, but some evil force seemed to drive him to theft. This case is reported by Florence Mateer, Ph. D., author of "Just Normal Children." A test made by a child guidance

Photo: H. Armstrong Roberts



"The 'only child' is likely to become spoiled, or develop other traits that are due to loneliness, and which interfere very much with his truly normal development."

clinic showed that the boy had a poor memory. He was poor in comprehending generalized situations, good in his use of vocabulary, fairly good in muscular control tests, able to learn rapidly, but unable to retain what he had learned very well. In short, he was unstable, and his family history gave the clue to it.

The diagnosis of the case was: "The child steals because he has an unrecognized craving for something. He does not recognize it as hunger, or as a need for any one thing. It is merely a desire to have." It was ascertained that a brother, John, was a favorite in the family, rather than Walter. Some slight glandular defect was also noted in Walter.

Ten points were decided upon, as follows:

1. Medical attention and correction of diet.
2. Tutoring to bring up his school work.
3. More careful supervision.
4. Money to be kept out of his way.
5. Training to work for what money he was to be given.
6. To be treated as well as John.
7. Grandfather to limit gifts and make them conditional upon behavior.
8. Regular checking up at the clinic.
9. No movies or other entertainment except in company with adults.
10. Sunday school and regular religious reading.

With this program well under way, the stealing stopped, and Walter was made into a normal, happy, healthy boy. Mental health doctors are not all-wise. There are some things beyond their powers. But by checking every possible point as was done in this case, they are very likely to strike the right cure.

Kenneth, at the age of ten, was found to be a liar and a petty thief. He belonged to a gang of boys that robbed a grocery store, and then there was real trouble. He was a well set up youngster—one of those irresistible, red-haired, freckle-faced kids—when he first came under the notice of the Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency in New York.

He was a born comedian, overflowing with vitality and mischief. He was a good mixer, and popular with the gang. In school he was a heart-breaking

problem to the teachers. He was poor in his studies and received low grades, although he displayed ability along mechanical lines.

An examination of his parentage threw much light on the case. His mother had married at the age of 18 and the father was a drunkard, although a man of considerable personal charm in other ways. After the children came, the father became more and more worthless and he knocked the children around indiscriminately. The mother secured a divorce. Undoubtedly the unhappy home life had a great deal to do with the boy's delinquency.

The clinic worked with the boy, in coöperation with the mother and the school authorities. There were disheartening setbacks. But, rather suddenly, when the boy reached his sixteenth birthday, the problem seemed to dissolve when Kenneth became a printer's helper, having finished his stormy and unsatisfactory school course. He became a useful member of society when given free rein to

actually develop his latent mechanical tendencies.

Cases of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. Girls as well as boys come into the long lists of problem children, and the problems are almost limitless in number, ranging all the way from near-idiotcy to super-brilliant intelligence, and all the way from sheer physical weakness to the most exuberant health. Defects may be partially physical and partially mental. They are so interlaced and closely related in some cases that it is impossible to tell where the physical leaves off and the mental begins. I sat spellbound for two hours or more in the clinic at Mt. Sinai Hospital, New York, watching Dr. Ira S. Wile examine boys and girls ranging from five to fifteen years in age, and marvelled at the diversity of the cases, the wisdom of the diagnostician, and the simplicity of the cases when the fundamental causes for abnormality were [Continued on page 53]

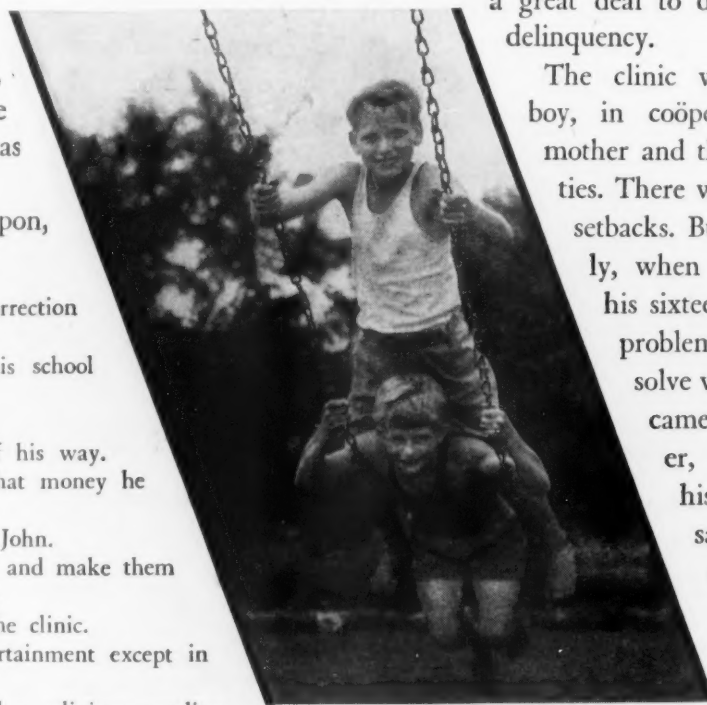


Photo: Wendell McRae, N. Y.

Left fatherless at nine, Gordon Selfridge started his career in a Wisconsin town selling home-made tops, kites, and lemonade. He tried to enlist in the navy—but missed by half an inch. In Chicago he so successfully learned the department store business under the tutelage of Marshall Field that at forty he retired—only to launch a new department store in London, now its largest.



He Built London's Biggest Store

By Louis Golding

BY THE time he was forty, H. Gordon Selfridge thought he had finished a successful career. He had made a million dollars in Chicago in twenty years, and he felt it was a good enough record to retire on. He wanted to travel and to read. So he got together a lot of books and took a boat to London.

He arrived as an ordinary American tourist, put up at an expensive hotel, and straight away went out into the fog to make some purchases. At the biggest departmental store in London he was coldly treated by lofty shop-assistants. His mother, when she could not tell the floor-walker which department she wanted, was asked to leave. For the life of him, he couldn't get buckwheat cakes and maple syrup in the whole city of London.

So Gordon Selfridge, who had made his million dollars as a partner in the firm of Marshall Field, decided that he would not retire with his books after all. He would build the biggest store in London. The girls behind the counter would not be shop-assistants, they would be members of the staff. Nor

A quest for buckwheat cakes in London led Gordon Selfridge, a Chicago millionaire at forty, to a new merchandising experiment.

would they be frigid or lofty, for the customers of his dream store would always be right, as they were in Chicago. It would be possible, also, to buy buckwheat cakes and maple syrup there—and airplanes. It would mean starting a new career, but, come to think of it, forty was a bit young to retire, even with a million dollars.

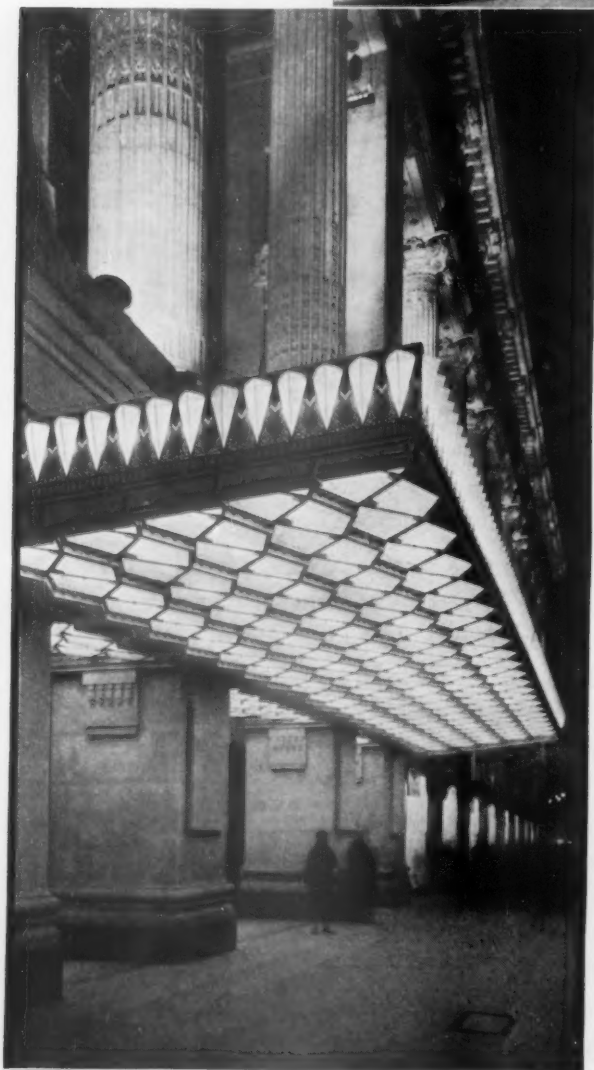
That was in 1906. In 1909 he threw open his new store and set about to prove the infallibility of the customer. Commercial London first feared him then pitied him. The man in the street, who is cruel in any city, laughed openly. They reckoned Selfridge would last six months. And not very long ago he picked up a shovel and turned the first sod for an addition to his building that will cost twenty-five million dollars and will take eight years to complete. The same night this American shopkeeper dined with a member—or was it two?—of the royal family.

Selfridge's has no sign over its doors—but none is needed! Every Londoner knows where to find the mammoth store that sells everything from shoestrings to airplanes. It now occupies nearly two blocks with branches in strategic cities in the British Isles.

Crowds streamed through the Corinthian pillars on the opening day—to scoff. For a while the store was ridiculed as a national joke, a whim of a quixotic Yankee. He persevered in his idea of "serve the customer," however, and today the store is as much a British institution as the British Museum itself.



Photos: Topical Press



He is nearly seventy, a short broad man with white hair, a bushy white moustache, pince-nez over bright blue eyes, and a chin whose firmness seems to tell, as they say, the whole story. He looks like any other successful business man, quiet, well dressed, capable. At irregular intervals throughout the day he dons his silk hat, leaves his office, and strolls casually through the various departments of his huge Oxford Street store as an ordinary customer. The real customers never single him out from themselves. But the members of his staff do. There are fourteen thousand of them. They constitute the happiest staff in London. All the executives in his store have risen from the ranks. It is an American idea, but it pleases them.

MOST of his ideas were originally American ideas. They failed for a short time, till he learned that there would have to be a leavening of English conservatism about them before they would catch on. But he learned a lot from the public, and he in turn taught them a lot. He is still learning, but he teaches them more than he learns. In one year he gained four hundred thousand new customers and his turnover was fifty million dollars. He has changed the face of London, and he has revolutionized retail merchandising there. When the

new addition is completed, his store will be the biggest of its kind in the world.

He is convinced that it is the best already.

GORDON SELFRIDGE is a true Yankee. His grandfather, an Ulsterman, went out to Wisconsin in the days when the land was untouched by plow. He became in turn a farmer, a mill-owner, a judge. His son fell in the Civil War, fighting with Grant's army. The widow was left penniless with a baby, Gordon. She got a job as a school teacher in Ripon, Wisconsin, where Gordon was educated at a public school. She died a few years ago, aged 91. Gordon was at her side in death, as in life.

At nine the young man went into business. After school hours he sold tops and kites and lemonade, all home-made, from behind a little canvas counter that he built himself. It was a grand day when he showed a profit of twenty cents. A year later, during the long summer school holiday, he got a job in the local dry goods store as junior check boy, at a dollar fifty a week. He was so good that before the semester ended he was a bundle-wrapper and his wage was a dollar seventy-five. It was in this capacity that he received an unearned rebuke. It knocked his enthusiasm and his self-confidence pretty thoroughly. He determined

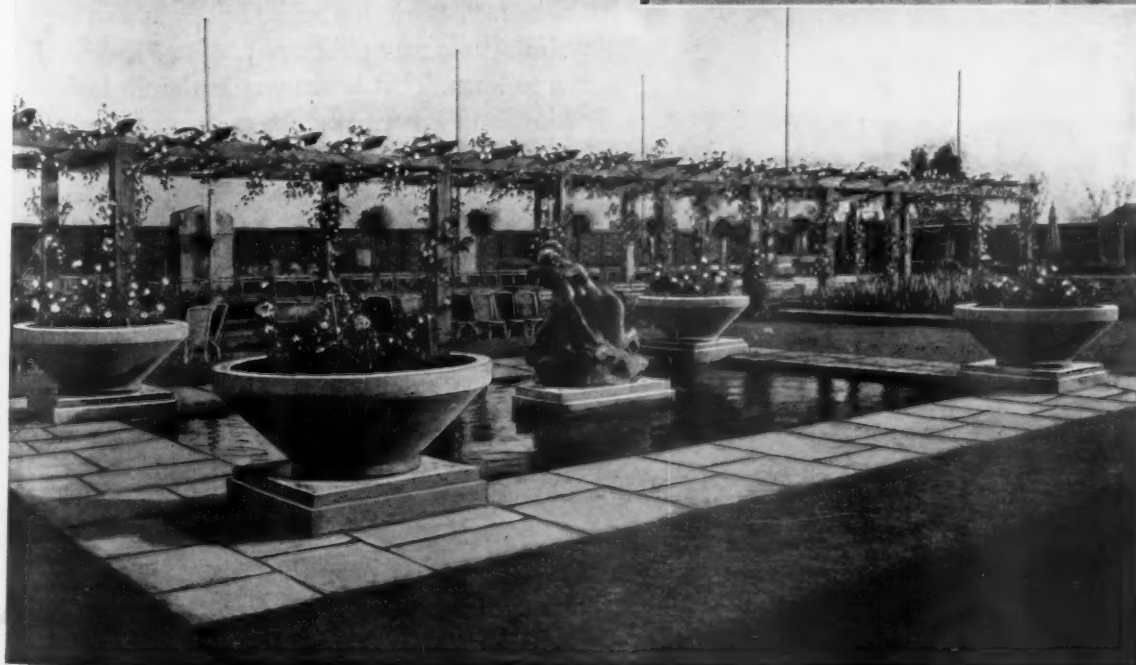
Cutting hair used to be an ordeal for Tommy. Not so now when he can sit on a horse's back and imagine the snip-snip to be the hoof-beats. Equally popular with grown-ups is the "Hanging Gardens" (below).

Photo: Sims & Co.

then that when he had a staff of his own he would be more liberal with pats on the back than kicks in the rear. Today Selfridge's fourteen thousand benefit accordingly.

Against his mother's wishes, young Gordon left school when he was fourteen to join the United States navy. There was salt in his veins; more than one Selfridge had been an admiral. He passed the examination for Annapolis and [Continued on page 56]

Photo: Underwood Commercial Studios



Ducks De Luxe

By Donald Hough

ONCE I was a forest ranger. On my first day in the service I was to start out with a veteran ranger for a canoe patrol into the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota. I had been up half the night fussing over my equipment, just to be sure I wasn't taking anything that wasn't absolutely essential. Since there would be many portages, every ounce counted.

So one item after another had been mercilessly sacrificed until I had trimmed myself down very close to the romantic "blanket and handful of flour" that I understood all woodsmen could get along with. Consequently on the morning of my first day I reported for work with a very lean packsack, and I carried myself with something of a professional air. I'd show them I was no dude!

When my veteran ranger appeared, the first thing I saw sticking out of the top of his bulging packsack was the end of a pillow. Since I didn't want to embarrass my new friend, I pretended not to see it. When he asked me about my equipment I waved a deprecatory, but proud, hand toward my mod-

est equipment. He looked it over. Then he looked at me and laughed. Here's the substance of what he told me:

"Folks who go into the woods occasionally can afford to rough it, because they can go home afterward and recover. The dudes get real tough about it.

They sleep on the ground and eat soggy biscuits. The woodsman sleeps on an air mattress and carries good bread with him. To the vacationist it's always a great lark to be uncom-

fortable. To a permanent woodsman it's fatal.

"It ain't hard work to get along in the woods. I don't care what you're doing: canoeing, camping, fishing, hunting. The fellows from the city do all the perspiring and the getting red in the face and the general sputtering around. The old hand doesn't fight the woods. He makes it work for him. He sits down and takes it easy and keeps from boiling over. And he catches most of the fish and shoots most of the ducks."

I didn't forget that. I never have forgotten it. I have, in fact, made use of it. But it takes time to absorb a whole new philosophy. Also I had another lesson to learn. That lesson was in the field of duck shooting, and I'll tell you about it.

Duck shooting has always been my favorite outdoor sport, but it has always had one serious drawback: I have never been able to bring home many ducks. The reasons for this are several, and there's no point in dis-

"If you shoot enough in one marsh, these ducks learn the peculiarities of your delivery and know just which way to dodge when you fire."

Photo: Armstrong Roberts





cussing them here. Where I usually hunt, in northern Minnesota, there are three kinds of duck shooting: pass shooting, decoy shooting, and jump shooting. Pass shooting is not among my favorite pastimes

for the reason that the ducks fly much too swiftly over the passes and I don't seem to have the right kind of gun for shooting mile-a-minute ducks. It keeps missing them, and this soon undermines my nervous system and has a bad effect on my disposition. Decoy shooting is good only late in the Fall, when the northern ducks come whistling down out of Canada, because the local mallards don't move around in the air very much. So all of the early-season sport in Minnesota is what we call jump shooting for mallards.

The mallard ducks inhabit swampy areas, preferring the great beds of wild rice that abound in that region. In order to shoot these large, succulent, and canny ducks you must go out into the wild-rice beds and push a boat around until you scare up a duck. As the duck goes squawking away over the rice you shoot him. Then you spend the rest of the day trying to find him.

This is the most difficult of all duck hunting for the reason that the mallard is playing on his home grounds. He knows exactly how far your gun will carry. He has a habit of rising out of the wild rice just far enough ahead of you so that your shot tickle his tailfeathers, causing him to sort of wiggle them at you, which is very disturbing. If you shoot long enough in one

marsh, these ducks learn the peculiarities of your delivery and know just which way to dodge when you fire.

Once in the air, the stately mallard circles the marsh. But a mallard in circling the marsh never flies within range. He only pretends to. Few hunters have ever seen a mallard fly past them in a rice bed within range. Mr. Lynn Bogue Hunt, who is conceded to be the best living painter of game birds, shows on the cover of this issue of *THE ROTARIAN* three mallards flying past within easy range.

THIS is a mean, dastardly libel on all mallard hunters: it makes it appear that the ducks sometimes fly past within range. I wish to point out that Mr. Hunt is a painter, and he can paint in the ducks wherever he darn pleases. This gives him a big advantage over us hunters, who have got to take them where we find them, and we have got to more or less like it.

I shall now explain to you how you go about hunting the mallard. You get into a duck boat and take a long pole—but first I'd better tell you about the wild rice. It grows high above the water: from three to five or even six feet. The stalks are slender, and in the Fall they become brittle and many of them break. When they break they fall this way and that. This is very artistic, but it makes a fine mess for a human being to push a boat through. The stalks

Photo: Underwood & Underwood



"The artist can paint in the ducks where he darn pleases, but we hunters have to take them where we find them . . . and we have got to like it!"

join hands across the bow of the boat and can push it back farther than the place from which it started. They cling to the sides, catch in every crevice, entwine themselves in the gunwales, catch hold of every protruding nail, upset your gun, enmesh your pole, and tackle you around the ankles.

In order to push your boat through this entanglement you use a pole. The pole is about twelve feet long and has a substantial crotch at the business end. You poke the pole through the foot or two of water and into a mixture of mud, muck, and wild-rice roots. Then you twist the crotch until you get what you find out later is a very insecure hold. Then you push.

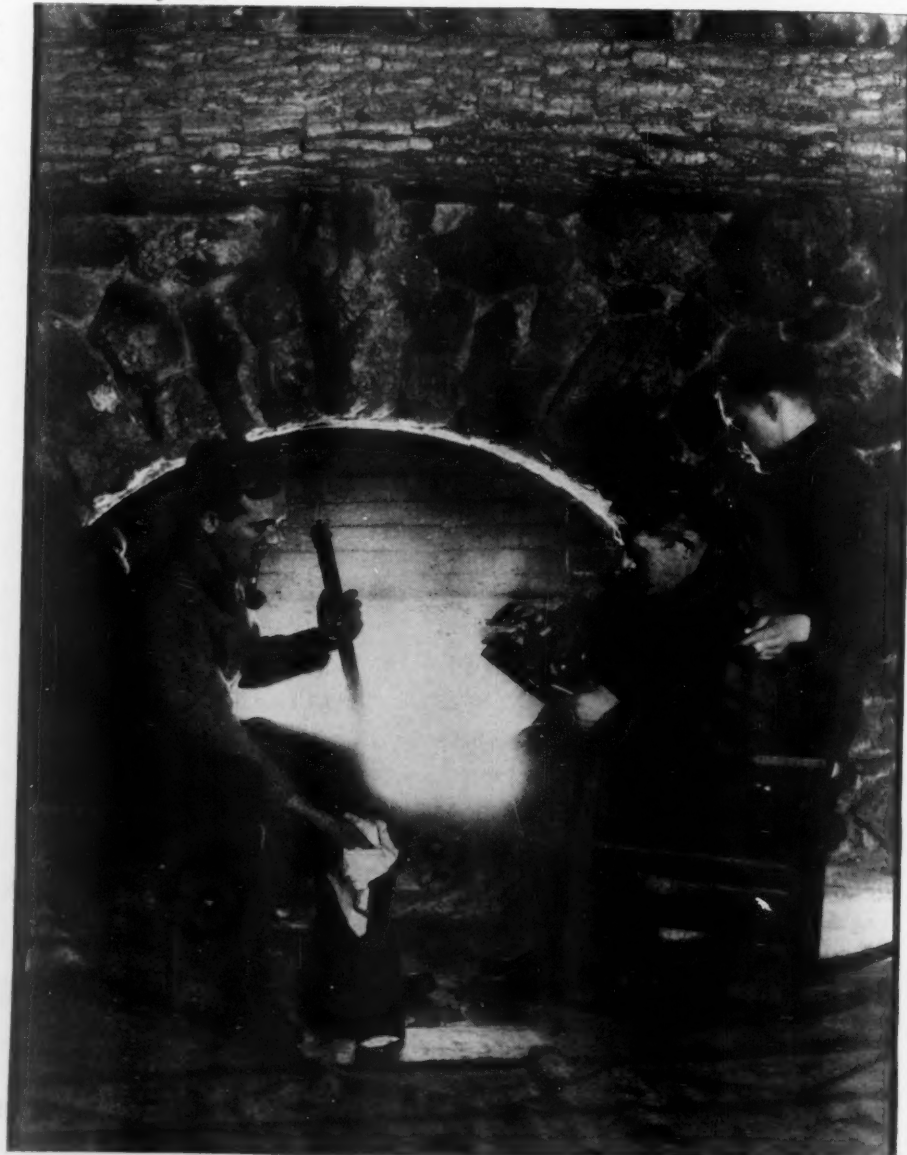
When you push, either the boat moves imperceptibly through the matted-rice stalks or the pole merely goes deeper into the mud. If the boat goes ahead a few inches you have won a great victory. If the pole gets stuck, one of four things happens: (1) You pull the boat back in order to retrieve your pole. (2) The boat keeps on going and the pole keeps on being stuck, and you stretch as far as you can and then drop into the water with as little fuss as possible. (3) You abandon the pole to keep your balance in the boat, then work the boat back to it by pulling on rice stalks. (4) You sit down for a while and talk to the rice stalks and to the mallard duck, including all the ancestors of the mallard duck.

Maybe I'm going into too much detail. I don't know. But I'm trying to explain to you about shooting the mal-

lard duck. I'm trying to tell you the truth about this duck, which Mr. Hunt has shown flying past in easy range.

NOW then, suppose you have mastered the trick of poling the boat. It is not difficult, once you get the hang. Any person of normal intelligence and a good, calm mind can easily master it in from ten to twelve years. You aim the boat toward a hypothetical spot where you imagine a mallard, or a pair of them, to be awaiting you. Using the four methods sketchily outlined above, you progress through the rice at imperceptible speed. No matter if the morning is chilly, you soon are drenched in perspiration. Your muscles throb. Your breathing, hampered as it is by the habit you have developed of talking to yourself in [*Continued on page 61*]

Photo: Armstrong Roberts



"... And so home. I had learned my lesson. . . . The old hand doesn't fight the woods. He makes it work for him. He sits down, takes it easy, and keeps from boiling over."



The Swiss High Court of Justice at Lausanne. This city, with its famous university, has made important contributions to advancement of law and arbitration.

To the Alps—and Beyond

By John Nelson

President of Rotary International

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND, AUGUST 30.

THE realm of Rotary is far flung and those who would serve such a realm are soon made physically aware of that fact. On August 14, I lunched with the Rotary Club of Banff, far up on the roof of the American world in the Canadian Rockies. Hurrying back across Canada to Montreal, where I was joined by Secretary Chesley Perry, I spent a strenuous day in my own office. The next afternoon—the 19th—we sailed from Quebec on the “Empress of Britain” whose twenty-five knot propellers put us into Cherbourg in a little less than five days. Here we were welcomed by a group of Rotarians of the local club, headed by President Menut and by Secretary Rousseau of the Paris club.

A quick run to Paris and a delightful hour with the members of that club was followed by a dinner in the welcome quiet of the Inter-Allied Club lawn with Rotarians Font and Le Blanc. After a night's train travel we found ourselves the next morning at Switzerland, sitting in council with the European Advisory Committee in beautiful Lausanne at the foot of the Savoyard Alps—just eleven days and 8,000 miles, more or less, from the place of my last visit.

There is much in each of these places to remind one of the other. Mount Blanc and Mount Stephen

are both kingly crags, each wearing its perpetual crown of snow. Lake Louise is but a mountain tarn compared to Lac Lemane, but each reflects the same varying hues of blue. There the parallel ends. The rude Rockies still furnish unexplored fastnesses for skyline trail riders, and its valleys are still redolent of Indian lore and the mysticism of the primitive hills.

BUT here in the Alps, centuries of human habitation have ironed out the crudities of nature, and terraced vineyards and gardens creep upwards from the water's edge to the highest point where the mountain throws from its bony shoulders the last vestige of its earthy mantle. Here the hills are a background for the literary and historical past. At their feet nestle lovely cities like Lausanne, Geneva, and Zurich; the chateau of Sangata, where Napoleon lived during his Italian campaigns, and now converted under the artistic hands of Secretary Henri Buisson of the Montreux-Vevy club to a spot of unique charm; and the castle of Chillon with Byron's name carved on its dungeon walls.

Lausanne and Geneva are less than an hour's sail

apart and the selection of the former for the meeting of the European Advisory Conference (E A C) and the second regional conference for Europe, North Africa, Asia Minor, was curiously appropriate. Geneva with its imposing Palace of Nations, now nearing completion, is the capital of a peace-dedicated world. But Lausanne, surrounded by incomparable pastoral beauty and mountain grandeur, boasts active achievement in the same sphere.

Quaintly garbed peasants from the Swiss cantons sang and danced with our delegates in the great ball room of a hotel where the envoys of Italy and Turkey in 1912 signed the pact which ended the Tripoli war. A plaque on the wall commemorates a similar peace concluded here between the Allies and Turkey. In one of the same rooms the reparations conference was held. And here, by the treaty of Ouchy, Holland and Belgium lately concluded a significant convention for lowering economic barriers—an event full of interest and promise in connection with the future adjustment of economic differences.

This was surely a suitable stage for Rotary's second



Lausanne, a city of 75,000, is bountifully blessed with scenery. On one side is Lake Geneva; round about, a panorama of snow-capped Alpine peaks.

regional conference for Europe, North Africa, and Asia Minor. The first was held at The Hague where the idea of international amity had its earlier expression. It was fitting that the second should take place in a region where that idea had been given more advanced, perhaps more practical, expression.

The European Advisory Committee indeed is itself a *petit* League of Nations, the remarkable character and atmosphere of whose gathering it is hard to convey in the printed word. For several days twenty-six men sat about its table. Of these, twenty-one were members of the E A C—delegates from the eighteen

districts of Europe, North Africa, and Asia Minor, with its European Secretary, Vice President Duperrey, of France, and Schofield, of Great Britain, and Director Otto Fischer of Germany, and for the first time both the President and Secretary of Rotary International, representing the organization at large. No passing reference could possibly reflect the varied and comprehensive nature of the themes discussed. With problems of Rotary organization and development were constantly interwoven those of great national and international moment—matters which have deeply stirred all these lands in recent years.

AT THE head sat the Austrian Otto Boehler, genial, imperturbable, conducting with skill the discussions in four languages. Dr. Willems, Belgian and vice president, fluent in five languages and silent in none, acted with others as frequent interpreter. His Excellency, General Piccione, governor of District Forty-six (Italy), humorously scornful of the use of English, which he does not understand, sat next an

Austrian while French, German, and English sat side by side. Near by were Yugoslav, Hungarian, Czechoslovak, and Scandinavian—Dane, Swede, Norwegian and Finn. Swiss and British were there, of course, as well as Dutch and Spanish delegates. The Canadian-born President, the American-born Secretary of Rotary International, and Canadian-born European Secretary Alex. Potter were in hopeless but unembarrassed minority.

The sessions were marked by some touches of both a moving and a humorous character. Recent events in

Germany had produced different reactions in different quarters. But the assurances received at the EAC from those most familiar with the situation were warmly welcomed and accepted by those whose misgivings may have been aroused.

There was a delightful touch when, after a good natured controversy between the Spanish delegate Roviralta and General Piccione, the Italian, as to the relative merits of Venice and San Sebastian as the scene of the next conference, the Spaniard with the characteristic chivalry of his race gracefully offered to withdraw his invitation. He [*Continued on page 51*]

"Too many retailers fail because their merchandise is bought in and displayed for sale just after the consumers' buying season has closed. Retail stocks which are constantly behind the market demands become a very fertile source of 'distress merchandise'."



Meeting Cut-Throat Competition

By Chester E. Willard

Associate Professor, Northwestern University

TWO men seated themselves comfortably on the evening train from a well-known metropolis to their suburban homes. One of them carefully scanned the back page of his newspaper—a screaming full-page advertisement of "bargains."

"How the dickens," he exploded to his companion, "can the customer expect to get anything at those prices? This is the sort of cut-throat competition my business is up against."

Pointing out item after item, he quoted prices paid by retailers for standard and well-known brands, making it obvious that the majority of the advertised "bargains" were produced to sell at a price so cheap as to prohibit any consideration of quality.

His interested companion, apparently not a retailer, suggested that only the buyers would be harmed. To this came a vehement reply.

"But, don't you see, every buyer will be out of the market until this junk has worn out. This store, selling it, makes money. We, who handle good merchandise, operate at a loss!"

To anyone who has traced the history of retailing

Retailing's abuses are as old as trade. The NRA may be a step in the right direction—but it does not repeal sound merchandising.

back to the shops of antiquity, there is a familiar note in that complaint. Cut-throat competition is as old as commerce itself, for it arises out of human selfishness. Although many attempts have been made to control and to regulate retail competition in fairness to all, few have been successful to the extent desired by their sponsors, be they kings or legislators. Though we in the United States now have the National Recovery Act, it would be a mistake to allow ourselves to be lulled into a sense of utter security, deceiving ourselves with the thought that the NRA *per se* will solve all of our problems.

Looking back over the long history of trade, one fact stands out in defined relief. It is that there has been a gradual but inexorable evolution in the whole field of retailing. Change and growth is the rule of life. The shops of ancient Greece and Rome and Medieval England were the great ancestors of our present stores, shoppes, food markets and emporiums, haberdashers, department stores, and delicatessens.

Successful unit stores have expanded into chain-store organizations, department stores have established mail-order departments, mail-order houses have created huge chains of department stores, powerful syndicates have created leased departments to be operated in widely separated department stores.

Manufacturers, noting the spread between the prices they receive and those paid by the ultimate consumer, have set up their own retail outlets through owned stores or house-to-house salesmen. Wholesalers, fearful of their economic position, have established their own chain of stores or formed retail store associates through preferential arrangements. Our Fifth Avenues, Woodward Avenues, State Streets,

Maxwell Streets, and our Main Streets are crowded with these stores, which have in some cases overflowed onto the sidewalks.

In this endless maze, the consumer is expected to find her way to the merchandise she desires at a price she can pay. During her search, she hears and sees direct accusations or strong implications that others who seek her trade are stooping to cut-throat sales methods a part, if not all, of the time.

Better Business Bureaus accomplish much in their ceaseless efforts to protect us from the most flagrant cases, but the greater majority of consumers do not know of their work or how to benefit by it. Trade associations, federations, and civic groups attempt to maintain some semblance of order within their own membership, but the "chiseler" pays his dues and then continues to follow his own devious and uncertain path.

"Chiseler" is simply the modern epithet applied to unscrupulous retailers and their kind. Napoleon viewed the chalk cliffs of England from across the channel and referred to the inhabitants as "a nation of shop-keepers." The ancient Greeks and



"Thus we, in the United States, have the NRA. . . . Results can scarcely be expected to be perfect at once. . . . Individual selfishness is too deeply rooted to be extracted by any single operation."

"The store atmosphere must be such that the retailer's customers enjoy being in his place of business. The term is all inclusive. It means the combined physical surroundings, fixtures, stock of displays, and, last, but far from least, the human element."



Photo: Underwood & Underwood



"In this endless maze, the consumer is expected to find her way to the merchandise she desires at a price she can pay. During her search, she hears and sees direct accusations that others who seek her trade are stooping to cut-throat sales methods."

"Better Business Bureaus accomplish much . . . but the great majority of consumers do not know of their work or how to benefit from it."

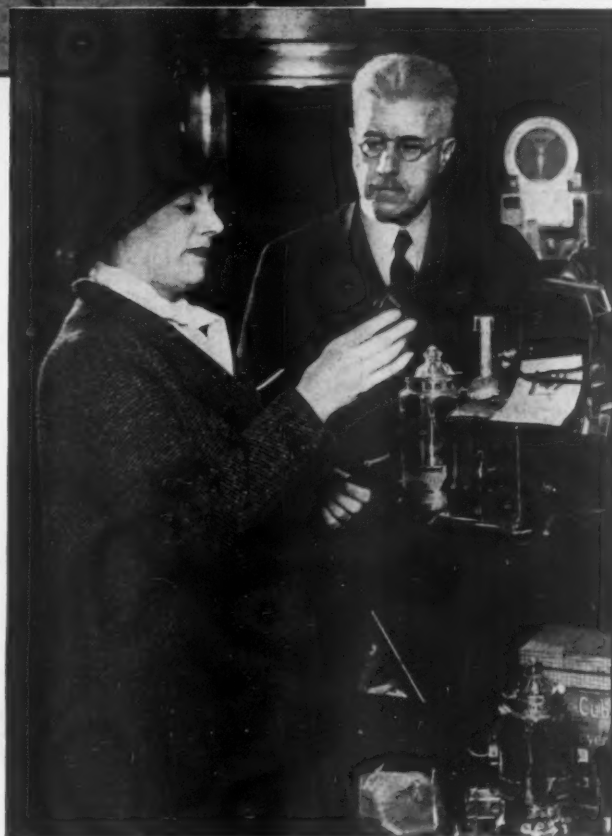
Photo: Ewing Galloway

Romans were even more outspoken. Plato put bankers and retailers in the same class and spoke of them thus, "For there are some who devote themselves to this service and in well-regulated cities they are chiefly such as are the weakest in body and are unfit for any other work." Cicero was less kindly saying: "All retail dealing may be described as dishonest and base, for the dealer will gain nothing except by profuse lying." Ecclesiasticus gives this pronouncement on retailing, "As a nail sticketh fast between the joining of the stones, so doth sin stick close between buying and selling."

IT IS clear that honest retailers have had much to live down. Openly unscrupulous practices have given way to much improved conditions. Modern science and the art of display have converted the "odiferous stalls" of fishmongers and meat-dealers into food markets which tempt the tastes of the most discriminating shoppers.

There has been much progress—but the evolution must and will continue. Thus we, in the United States, have the NRA. It constitutes the greatest single effort ever undertaken in America to bring human and spiritual values into effective daily use in the stern materialism of industry and trade. It attempts at least a partial answer to Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It deserves the loyal and immediate support of every individual.

The eyes of every nation are eagerly watching for



the results. These results can scarcely be expected to be perfect at once, nor can the transition be that of the lightning stroke. Individual selfishness is too deeply rooted to be extracted by any single operation. But the New Deal, combined with the basic rules of down-to-date, sound retailing, will speed the exit of the "cut-throats" by several decades.

The rules are simple. Putting them into effective practice is commanding the constant and persistent effort of the best brains. [Continued on page 52]

We Present This Month—



HERMAN G. KUMP (left), because of a notable career as attorney, bank president, and public official which was climaxed last fall with his election to the governorship of the State of West Virginia; because he is a past president of the Rotary Club of Elkins, West Virginia, where he has reared a family of six,

STEVAN K. PAVLOVITCH (right), former adjoint minister of foreign affairs for Yugoslavia, and later consul general at Berlin, because for these and other faithfully executed services he has been highly honored; because he has just completed a year as president of the Beograd Rotary Club.



PAT ZILWA (below), banker, charter member of the Kuala Lumpur (Federated Malay States) Rotary Club, because of twenty years of active association with major charitable, educational, and athletic undertakings, for which he was recently honored by the Award of the Malayan Certificate of Honor.



HAROLD W. BROWN (left), soldier, dentist, and former president of the Rotary club in Nevada, Missouri, where his hobby of boys' work activities will long be remembered as a generous contribution to the welfare of the community; because of a long and successful military career, which has brought him the appointment of adjutant general of the National Guards of the State of Missouri with rank of brigadier general.

MORINOSUKE CHIWAKI (right), D.D.S., LL.D., educator and chairman of the board of trustees of the Tokyo (Japan) Dental College, because, through his efforts, the standards of the science of dentistry in his country have been raised to a high plane, and because, when the American Dental Society made its selection of the five greatest benefactors for the advancement of dental science in the world, Rotarian Chiwaki was named. He is the only one of the five living.



CHARLES BACON ROWLEY (left), Cleveland (Ohio) Rotarian, of C. B. Rowley & Associates, architects and engineers, because of a number of recent notable contributions to his profession, including the designing of plans for what is said to be the world's first all-porcelain enameled home.

DAVE BOYER (below), of Walters, Oklahoma, because of twenty-five years' faithful service in public offices, all but one without pay; because the splendid Crippled Children's Hospital at Oklahoma City is largely the result of his efforts while state senator; and because of eleven years of perfect Rotary attendance.

THEODOR FISCHER (right), Ph.D., professor, privy councillor, member of the Rotary Club of Munich, because as a prominent architect and designer of some of Germany's finest buildings (among them the church of the Redeemer, Munich; the Church of the Redeemer, Stuttgart; the civic theater, Heilbronn), he was greatly honored at the age of seventy years (1932), by the award of the Goethe Medal for Art and Science.

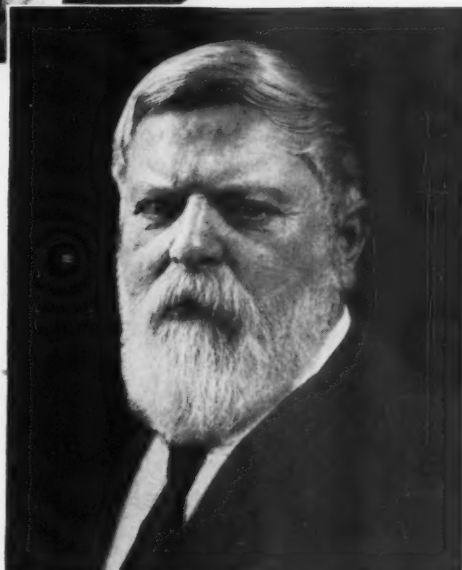


Photo: Wason, Munich.



The ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

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While a world organization, Rotary International is an employer of labor in the United States and as such has signed the Employers' Agreement of President Roosevelt's Reemployment Program.

Editorial Comment

Old Game, New Rules

EYES of the world are almost literally turned towards the United States these days. The National Recovery Act is a popular Rotary luncheon topic from Tokyo to London. . . . And there is much to talk about.

Already the NRA has produced gratifying results. Some enthusiasts, violently reacting from the dark days of the past three years, unhesitatingly proclaim that the Blue Eagle, emblem of the New Deal, is in reality the Blue Bird of Happiness, thinly disguised. Happy days, they sing, are here again.

But, at the risk of being pigeon-holed as a grouser, let us venture the observation that recovery is far from being a fact achieved. Happily it is true that business throughout America is improving, but the long pull is certainly ahead.

Signing codes of ethics and business practice is important, but not enough. Abuses as ancient as trade itself are not to be eradicated by the swish of a flowing pen. Human nature can be altered, but it is not going to be changed by a miracle. Neither President Roosevelt nor General Johnson is Aladdin.

The acid test is going to come after the fanfare has died away, after the parade is past. It will come when the wheels of the new machinery begin, creakingly at first, to mesh and to turn. Then every signer of a code will in his own way meet his own temptation to evade it by playing fast and loose with regulations governing wages, hours, and practices. Then each consumer must decide whether he or she will forego the saving of pennies or dollars by buying from those who observe the spirit of the act instead of those who do not.

The New Deal has changed the rules of the game, but no one is excused from playing, and playing *hard*. There is nothing magic about the NRA; it is man-made. Sound principles of buying and selling goods for profit, as Professor Willard points out elsewhere in this issue, are just as applicable as ever they were.

Men and women will continue to be attracted to good goods, attractively and courteously offered. The NRA has brought no moratorium on keen thinking, analytical judgment, decisive action.

The rules have changed, but not the game.

Youth Not So Flaming

FLAMING youth is no longer glowing. It has sobered down. It has dropped the hard-boiled pose of early post-war days. It has learned that alcohol is useful in the laboratory but too much is hard on the stomach. It is, in short, taking a more realistic and wholesome attitude towards life.

All of that is true of the boys and girls of 1933, says Willard W. Beatty, superintendent of the Bronxville, New York, public schools. His conclusions are the result of a study for the General Education Board and are based on talks with administrators, teachers, and students in fifty-six American elementary and secondary schools.

"High-school students of today," he declares, "are better behaved, more considerate of others, more co-operative, less destructive, and in every way better citizens than the pre-war or immediate post-war generation in our schools. They are frank and outspoken, and their professions are much more likely to conform to their practices. . . . Liquor plays little or no part in the lives of more than 95 per cent of high-school students, despite the vast amount of publicity given to prohibition's supposed demoralization of the young."

That generalization does not appear to be overdrawn. Many evidences are at hand to show that the young people of 1933 are looking ahead with a clearer notion of "what it's all about" than did their parents. They recognize froth for what it is. A smart magazine, popular only a few years ago with college students, has, in the vernacular, "folded up" for want of support. The football hero of yesteryear isn't lionized quite so much as he was. Why? "We see him in

the classroom," one young lady smilingly told an inquirer. Athletics are increasingly regarded as means of acquiring personal enjoyment and health and not as public spectacles alone. In short, a new youth, not quite so incandescent as his older brother or sister, is emerging from these late depression days.

The plain fact of the matter is, however, that the whole world is getting over a giddy headache, brought on by the World War. It is seeing more clearly than it did. The response to the National Recovery Act is in itself testimony of a growing understanding of the troubles of economics and social health. Newspapers are printing less news on "sex, money, and crime" to make space for news on science, business, religion, and education. Labor controversies are being settled more and more by arbitration and less and less by violence and bloodshed. In short, youth is but one of many signs of the times that a new epoch is emerging.

Challenging Questions

HERE are some questions gleaned from material going out to Rotary clubs from the secretariat in Chicago. They should be good for an adjourned discussion in any Rotary group!

What kind of community is envisaged ten, fifteen, or twenty years from now? What part should the Rotary club take in the development of this planned community of the future?

What should the Rotary club do to stimulate and extend the business of all manufacturers, processors, distributors, and merchants in its community?

What initiative should the Rotary club take in reorganizing governmental administrative procedures in order to secure efficiency with economy through the elimination of antiquated methods?

What steps can the Rotary club take to insure a comprehensive program of character education for the youth of the community?

What can the Rotary club do to bring about a reduction in provincialism and an expansion of a cosmopolitan understanding and goodwill?

In what specific ways can a Rotary club support the efforts of the business and professional men who are taking the lead in establishing and adhering to definite ethical standards in all their dealings?

What should be the maximum average age of (active classified) Rotarians in a Rotary club? What steps do you recommend be taken to keep that average age at that point?

These questions are predicated on the premise that every Rotarian has a stake in his own community, and that the Rotary club should be a potent force either for action as an organization or a charging-battery for individuals who act through other agen-

cies. Thoughtful consideration of the implications of these questions will be a long step towards a successful administration—and towards helping a Rotary club fill its community destiny.

From Strength to Strength

EVIDENCE of a growing understanding of Rotary and a significant appraisal of the efforts of British Rotarians to realize the Six Objects in works, are contained in an editorial appearing in the *London Daily Telegraph*. It merits reproduction in full:

The Rotary movement goes from strength to strength. What was founded twenty-eight years ago as a weekly lunching club in Chicago is now established as a power in some seventy countries. How effectively its primary purpose of encouraging the spirit of service in industry and the professions has been developed amongst us was shown when Prince George, as its national patron, visited the conference of British Rotary.

Three thousand delegates cheered him, and he had great things to record of his experience of the work of Rotarians in the "Spend for Employment Campaign." Some large centers of population have relied on their Rotary clubs for the organization of extra private expenditure on private work throughout the past winter, and the results have been invaluable. Prince George wisely laid stress on the diffusion and the stimulation of confidence by the use of personal and coöperative influence in this way. In such keying up of general effort to the best individual purpose the Rotarians most usefully translate into practice their ideal that every man's vocation should be pursued as a service to the community.

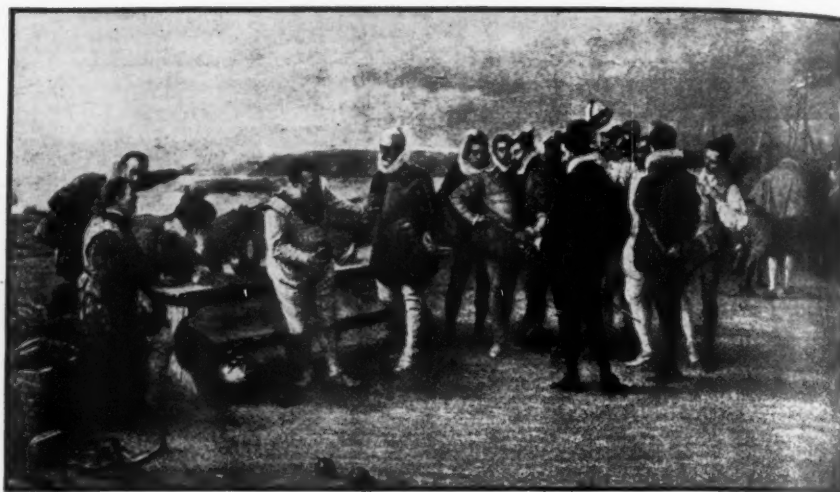
The "Spend for Employment Campaign" referred to is an especially noteworthy activity of British Rotarians. In it clubs become initiating agents, at least, in the pledging of individuals and concerns to begin needed repairs, improvements, or construction without delay. The result is that many communities have been enabled to put considerable numbers of men back to work.

Let's Get Facts First

INTEREST in what happens in another land is, of course, a healthy manifestation of a growing appreciation of the economic and social unity of the world. But Rotarians, cognizant of the implications of the Sixth Object, should exercise due restraint in forming critical conclusions.

This is especially true, as Secretary Perry has pointed out in *The Weekly Letter*, of countries where Rotary has clubs. It is but applying the Golden Rule to withhold judgment until Rotarians there have come to a decision based on their advantageous position to separate the truth from its counterfeit.

Bowling-On-The-Green has a venerable history. It was on the afternoon of July 19, 1588, when Sir Francis Drake and a coterie of sea fighters were indulging in the sport, that the feared Spanish Armada was reported off the Cornish coast. Drake checked the excitement, according to tradition, by telling his companions that, "There is plenty of time to win the game and beat the Spaniards, too."



Lawn Bowling—Rival of Golf

By Jim Spencer and Ken Bixby

WHETHER your age is thirty or seventy, or anywhere in between, there is no finer outdoor game for Rotarians than Bowling-On-The-Green. It makes the old young and the young younger. It promotes two things to a superlative degree—health and friendliness.

The game of "Bowls" is an ancient one and has been played at least since the thirteenth century and possibly since the eleventh. The chief requirements are a level and well kept turf or "green," forty to sixty yards square, and a small clubhouse in which the players can keep their equipment and change their shoes; for it is necessary to wear flat rubber-soled shoes to prevent injury to the green.

The objective is a small, white ball called a "jack." The feature of the game is to deliver the bowl from a distance of about twenty-five to thirty yards so that it will "draw" to the jack and lay as close to it as possible. The bowls are so constructed that they curve as they are delivered. For instance, in order to make a bowl come to rest at a certain point, it may be necessary to aim six or nine feet from that point. For this reason, there is much chance for the exercise of skill. A certain amount of skill is also required to put just the proper amount of push in the delivery of the bowl.

It is a game of delicacy rather than of strength. Yet in the course of one or two games of an afternoon or evening, a player will get plenty of walking, per-

It used to be a sport for kings, but now it's anybody's. A plot of turf, bowls, and a jack—and you are ready for the fun to commence.

haps covering several miles and he will surely get more benefit than from a game of golf.

Originally this was a game played almost exclusively by kings and the wealthier people. Today it is a very inexpensive pastime. In our city of Buffalo, New York, the park department maintains three greens. Each player pays a five-dollar yearly fee to the city and may rent a locker for an additional five dollars. The bowling greens here are a sort of a community center and a delightful place to meet one's friends on a summer's evening. The greens are electrically lighted and are surrounded by benches which are usually well filled. Often there are more fans on the side lines than there are players, for it is an intensely interesting game to watch.

NEARLY a fourth of the men who bowl on the Buffalo greens are Rotarians. Some of these are truly experts and rank among the best in America. Their acquaintance among Rotarian bowlers in the various cities across the Canadian line, including Toronto and Hamilton, is wide, for they meet them in the tournaments that are held weekly from spring to fall.

The "Rotary Anns" take [Continued on page 58]

Our Readers' Open Forum

Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. They should be as brief as possible.

"Should Sponsor . . . Program"

To the Editors:

I am very fond and proud of THE ROTARIAN and watch each month for its arrival. Of course, I was especially interested in the August issue with the discussion of the costs of medical care as presented by Lewellys F. Barker, M.D. and Arthur C. Christie, M.D.

Professional men of the respective Rotary clubs should sponsor a constructive program at least once a year dealing with some phase of adequate health service to humanity. The professional men of the Los Angeles Rotary Club sponsored such a meeting this year. Care must be exercised in such a meeting, however, to limit the discussion to general points, omitting sectarianism and religion.

J. ROLLIN FRENCH, M.D.

President, Western Hospital Association
Los Angeles, Cal.

"Very Low Standards"

To the Editors:

Have just finished reading the articles by Dr. L. F. Barker and Dr. A. C. Christie.

I agree with Dr. A. C. Christie. God help the American people when the insurance companies dictate to the professional men, telling them what to do, etc.

Many of the insurance companies employ professional men of very low standards and men who do inferior work.

There are many more reasons against the group plan than mentioned by Dr. Christie.

DR. EUGENE A. STEADMAN

Oroville, Cal.

"More Than . . . an Ice-Cream Cone"

To the Editors:

Why all this discussion about "Cutting Medical Costs?" The medical profession is doing more for the money it gets than almost any other. What profession is working as hard to prevent business along its line? For a few dollars the doctor will vaccinate you against smallpox or typhoid and thereby almost surely protect from ever having these diseases. This is a definite saving to you of not only money but perhaps your life. A large part of the doctor's advice is along the lines of preventive medicine. For this service he receives no pay. Instead of cutting medical costs it should be raised until it equals at least the amount the people spend each year for tobacco, chewing gum, or cosmetics.

For a committee of intelligent men to discuss for five years a problem of such minor economical importance was a farce. They could have better spent their time studying why the right front tire of an automobile wears out first.

The doctor could give you the kind of service your grandfather received at about the same price they paid for it. But who would want "a horse and buggy doctor" waiting on him. The public doesn't want a doctor to feel of its pulse, look at its tongue and then give it a dozen pills all for a dollar.

It is true that about 80 per cent of the ills from which people suffer will get well of themselves. The other 20 per cent need intelligent,

scientific service and often hospital care. The public should be made to understand that this type of service is of the greatest value to them and that they must expect to pay accordingly.

The group plan on a large scale as by the state or national government will raise the cost of medical care and lower the standard of the service received. Any plan that interferes with the freedom of the patient to choose his own doctor will most surely be detrimental to both the patient and the profession. The small private groups if properly organized will not necessarily cut the cost of medical care but the service is more likely to be better and it is service that you are buying. It is as true in medicine as in any other line often the more expensive article is the cheapest in the long run.

What this country needs is not so much a plan of "Cutting Medical Costs" but more intelligence of the buying public as to the value of scientific medical service and their demanding that such a service be given them.

WM. H. BAILEY, A.B., M.D.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Responsibility . . . Duty"

To the Editors:

THE ROTARIAN is especially good this month. (August)

The article by Arthur G. Christie on Cutting Medical Costs, is very timely and convincing. Perhaps some of my views would conform more closely to his if I had the opportunity to study the whole question as he did. From the heart of his message, I get an inspiration which caused me to realize, more keenly, my responsibility, and duty.

J. V. (VAN) CHANDLER

Kingsville, Tex.

"Keep Politics Out"

To the Editors:

Referring to the article by Dr. Arthur A. C. Christie in the August issue, please accept my earnest intention to back the views of your contributor to the limit.

Regarding political medicine, let me quote from an editorial in the February *Ladies Home Journal*: "We have politics messing its often-dirty hands in business, in schools, in most public affairs, and some private ones as well. But may we be preserved from politics in personal health!"

DAN WOODS, M.D.

Member, East Los Angeles Rotary Club
Los Angeles, Cal.

A Correction

In the article by Samuel O. Dunn in the September Number, the following statement occurs on page 45 . . . "last year automobiles and other vehicles weighing one ton or less should have paid an average of \$40 each in license fees and gasoline taxes to have borne their full share of highway costs, and that they actually paid an average of \$14 each." The latter figure was a typographical error and should have been "\$44 each."

—THE EDITORS.

"Highly Individualistic"

To the Editors:

I am one of those who read THE ROTARIAN each month but I appreciate your calling my attention to the articles of Drs. Barker and Christie.

Doctors as well as non-medical persons are greatly interested in this matter of the cost of medical care for we are acutely aware of the fact that while many people find it hard to meet charges for the care of illness, the physician finds it difficult to make a satisfactory living from his practice. Surely something is wrong when the patient finds it almost impossible to pay the charges and the physician finds it almost impossible to live on what he can collect.

What the solution to the problem may be I do not know. Physicians are highly individualistic in their thinking—because of their methods of practice with generations of individualistic relations before them. They move slowly to think in terms of group activities. Most of them do not like the idea of having to adjust themselves to work with others and the idea of employment by any organization with the physician drawing a fixed salary is, to most of us, anathema. It will take a great deal of time and a lot of sober thinking to make a considerable change in these matters.

Doctors are neither better nor worse than other people. We may not like to admit it but it is true that the quality of work done by most of us would suffer if we were on a salary. Most of us are going to do better work if we feel that will increase our income. Most of us are going to slip some if we find that we get paid whether our work is our best or only "good enough." There are some, of course, who work for the joy of it and would be glad to be rid of the necessity of making charges. They would work just as earnestly for a salary as for the prospect of large fees. But the rest of us are human and I am afraid the quality of our work would suffer.

The proper solution of the problem will come, probably slowly. I hope the medical profession will be a willing participant and not require force to make it meet changing social conditions. Such articles as these you have published are helpful.

J. H. BLACK, M.D.

Dallas, Tex.

The Right to Gloat

To the Editors:

Please receive my cordial thanks for and appreciation of your thoughtfulness in sending me the handsome certificate evidencing membership in the Rotary Hole-in-One Club. It is a distinct pleasure to accept it, and I shall see that it is hung in a prominent place where it will help me to gloat a little.

Being only human, I do have to admit that there is a thrill about holeing a one'er, and your certificate brings back the memory of it so vividly that you have given me the thrill all over again. Also, the publication of my name and picture in a recent ROTARIAN, along with the other fortunate holers-in-one has brought me more congratulations than anything else that has happened to me in a long time.

AMES HIGGINS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rotary Hourglass

A miscellany of items of general Rotary interest selected from letters and other current material coming to the attention of the editors.

CLINTON vs. Anderson. In a certain Rotary district are clubs in the towns of Clinton and Anderson. Attendance sagging, the governor has asked these two to stage a "Clinton-Anderson Attendance Contest," such as will do honor to the name of Clinton P. Anderson, past president of Rotary International.

Hero. A double drowning was recently averted at the mouth of the Canning River at Kentville, N.S., Canada, when Rotarian W. J. Gasper, express agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, courageously plunged into the strong current of a receding tide to rescue Blanchard Lacey. Unfortunately, however, William Parker, 20-year-old youth who was swimming with Lacey, was drowned, before assistance could reach him.

Three R's, New Version. Among the sprightly-done club publications coming to ye ed's. desk is *Rotary Forward*, of Knoxville, Tenn., edited by John S. Van Gilder. A recent issue has a "box" in red with this copy: "Gentlemen: Are your sleeves rolled up high for Rotary, Roosevelt, and Recovery?"

Morticians Organize. Taking a cue from a meeting of Rotary funeral directors at Boston, during the convention several of those who were present are perfecting a permanent organization. Chairman is B. E. Arntzen, a veteran member of the Chicago Rotary Club and the first funeral director in the United States to sign the President's Re-Employment Agreement. Chairman "Barney," as he is known to his friends, and the other members are working on plans for an educational campaign in the columns of *THE ROTARIAN*.

Add. And speaking of funeral directors in Rotary, there's A. Chambliss Connelley, of Charleston, S.C., who deserves especial mention. "Cham" is a past president of his club, was recently host club chairman of the Fifty-eighth District conference. He is on the board of aldermen of Charleston, chairman of the purchasing committee of the city council, and a leader in his profession. Recently he was given the 1933 honorary award of Delta Pi, largely because of his outstanding service as president of the National Conference of Embalmers Examiners. "We feel," announced the chairman of the Awards Committee, "that the efforts you have put forth to elevate and advance the profession are worthy of national recognition."

Injured. Crombie Allen, Ontario, Calif., newspaper publisher well known throughout Rotary, and Miss Cora B. Withington, a life-long friend of the Allen family, were victims of a hold-up in Los Angeles recently. Their car was forced to the curb by another driven by a woman. A bandit leaped from it with a revolver in his hand

and commanded the two to "shell out." They did. Crombie's wallet contained approximately \$18.

"Come on, shell out some more!"

The pair protested that they had no more.

"Cut out this horseplay," the man said—and then pulled the trigger.

The bullet, according to the newspapers, struck Miss Withington in the left temple, "coursed through her left eye, tore away the bridge of her nose, and emerged through the right eye, striking Allen in the neck." While his injuries are not serious, but slight hope is held for saving Miss Withington's eyesight.

Thrice Blest. H. Vernon Biggs, a school man, now a member of the Hobart, Tasmania, Rotary Club, has been a member of two other clubs. At Devonport he was a charter member; at Launceston he was director and "hon. secretary." "The record," writes a correspondent in the Hobart club, "is believed to be unique in Australia."

Int'l. Service. Berkeley, Calif., is the seat of the University of California. Last year Berkeley Rotarians appropriated \$150 to Werner Klingenberg, a graduate exchange student from Germany, to cooperate with Robert Sibley, executive manager of the California Alumni Association, in continuing the work of establishing contact with alumni in lands outside of the United States. Letters have gone out to Rotary club secretaries in leading cities of 45 countries, giving the name and address of a California alumnus

in the community from whom information may be obtained about other alumni in that section of the world.

Results have been encouraging, and the work will be expanded under the direction of a general committee of advisors. On it are Rotarians Robert Gordon Sproul, president of the University of California, Allan Blaisdell, director of the International House at Berkeley, and Almon E. Roth, comptroller of Stanford University and past president of Rotary International.

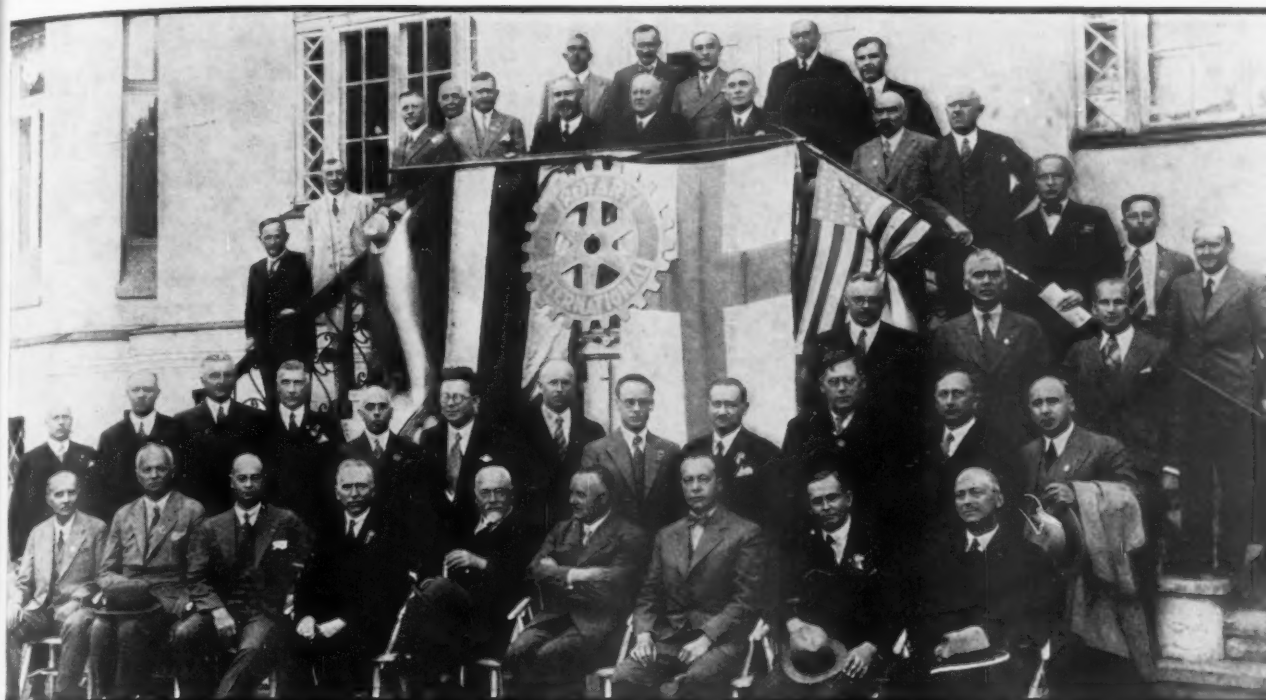
The Service Idea. Having recently heard a Rotary speaker talk on "Don't Be Afraid to Give Your Fellow Man Extra Service," Miss Lucile Fleetwood, young postmistress at Allerton, Ill., decided to apply his message. Result: she has invited her 400 or more patrons to call her by telephone to see whether they have any mail, there being no carrier service. Allerton has four mail trains a day, but she doesn't mind a call after each train. Farmers, especially, appreciate this community service.

Rubber Check. Rotarian H. B. Nesbit, of Hood River, Ore., has been getting more than a little publicity on his unique device for accelerating the exchange of goods. It is a check for one dollar, made of a thin sheet of rubber. Local stores accept it freely, knowing that at Hal's tire shop it is redeemable in trade at face value.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.



They grow whopper water melons in Arkansas—and here's proof. Edward F. McFaddin, past district governor, sent this one to employees of the Chicago secretariat of Rotary International. It and the ecstatic young lady (Marie Passarelli, of THE ROTARIAN) weigh about the same — 100 pounds.



Evidence of the firm root that Rotary has taken in Finland, Estonia, and Latvia, is the representation of clubs of each of those countries at a successful gathering of Rotarians and their ladies as guests of the Tallinn, Estonia, Rotary Club recently. Finland now has clubs at Helsinki-Helsingfors, Tampere, Turku, and Viipuri; Estonia, besides the club at Tallinn, now has one in the process of organization at Tartu; Latvia's first club was granted its charter at Riga in April, 1933.

Rotary Around the World

These brief news notes—gleaned from letters and bulletins—mirror the varied activities of the Rotary movement. Contributions are always welcome.

Siam

Increase Medical Staff

BANGKOK—An expert Indian doctor has been added to the medical staff of a Siamese leper home. His services are entirely paid for by the Bangkok Rotary Club.

Brazil

Health Schools

SANTOS—Supplementing their vigorous health campaigns, Santos Rotarians have just established their third open air school for ailing children.

China

To Raise \$50,000

SHANGHAI—Members of the Shanghai Rotary Club have launched a campaign to raise \$50,000 for the establishment of a crippled children's hospital.

Japan

Entertain Contest Winners

TOKYO—Three school boys from the United States, victors in an essay contest sponsored by the American Boy, were guests recently of the Tokyo Rotary Club. Each of the boys delivered a little address on the things he was interested in learning in Japan, one visitor expressing a wish to study jujitsu, and another to construct Japanese kites.

Federated Malay States

Books and Work for Boys

IPOH—Though Ipoh Rotarians have but recently organized their boys' club of forty members, work has already been found for twelve of the group. Seven hundred suitable books have also been distributed among 125 boys.

Straits Settlements

Assist Lepers

SINGAPORE—Books, magazines, and funds for sports gear of various types were sent to a nearby Leper Camp by Singapore Rotarians. Gift days have also been instituted by the Singapore club at which time suitable presents are sent to the Leper Camp and to several charitable homes.

Uruguay

Feed Unemployed

MONTVIDEO—To meet the task of aiding the unemployed, each member of the Montevideo Rotary Club supplies one man daily with food. So popular has this movement become that more than a hundred other citizens are following the plan, serving men from their own homes daily.

Union of South Africa

Assist Blind Man

BULAWAYO, SOUTHERN RHODESIA—Through local newspapers and by personal appeals, Bulawayo Rotarians are seeking sufficient funds to

aid the family of a young man who, as the result of a mining accident, has become totally blind. It is planned to send the young man overseas to receive such training as will assist him in partially overcoming his handicap.

France

Visit Spain

Of those Rotarians who gathered at Biarritz recently for their district conference (49th), some two hundred members and their wives embarked on a short excursion into Spain where they were the guests of a number of Spanish Rotary clubs.

Czechoslovakia

Attendance High

TÁBOR—Members of the Tábor Rotary Club during the past year achieved the enviable attendance average of 97.26 per cent. Thirty-one meetings of the entire year were attended 100 per cent.

Finland

Better Attendance

HELSINKI-HELSINGFORS—Members of this Rotary club seldom forget a Rotary meeting for in each Rotarian's office there hangs a small placard, furnished by the Rotary club, giving the day, time, and place of meeting. A club member who misses one meeting is sent a card informing him that members present missed him at the meeting. After a second absence, a second card



Brazil's twenty-first Rotary club was organized on March, 1933, at Curitiba. Here are the new Rotarians celebrating charter night, with Dr. Carlos Buschmann, immediate past governor of the Seventy-second District, in charge.

is sent expressing the club's regret and the hope that he will be able to attend next time. In the event that he is absent for the third consecutive time, another card is sent asking him to comply with the requirements of an excuse, and pointing out that his membership may be in jeopardy in the event of further unexcused absences.

Yugoslavia

Organize Crippled Children's Society

ZAGREB—An investigation of the needs of Zagreb cripples convinced Zagreb Rotarians that it was necessary to organize a society in which the aid of citizens might also be enlisted. The preliminary work of organizing has already been accomplished, and enthusiastic support of the organization has been assured.

Peru

Tuberculosis Annex

TACNA—Until Tacna Rotarians inaugurated their drive for funds, no special ward for tuberculosis patients was provided in Tacna hospitals. Through their efforts sufficient funds have been collected for building a special tuberculosis annex. A group of unemployed men have been hired to carry on the construction work.



New Zealand

Community Service

AUCKLAND—Under the able direction of their Boys' Work chairman, Auckland Rotarians this year have been instrumental in finding employment for over a thousand boys. Sixty-seven needy families have also been cared for this past year by the Auckland Rotary Club.

Attendance Record

PALMERSTON NORTH—Rotarian R. T. Jaggard, of this club, is the proud possessor of a gold Rotary button presented by the district governor in recognition of his nine years of perfect attendance.

Italy

Give Hospital Supplies

NOVARA—Rotarians in Novara have contributed blankets and other supplies to a local tuberculosis sanitarium.

Mexico

Round Tables

MERIDA—Rotary round table meetings in which any member may participate have been

established by the Merida Rotary Club for giving members a clearer conception of Rotary's principles as discussed by various club committees.

England

French Visit English

BRAINTREE AND BOCKING—So pleased were members of this club with the Rotarians and their wives from Düsseldorf, Germany, who visited them last summer, that they repeated the experiment this year, inviting two Rotarian families from Lille, France, to spend a week as guests in Baintree homes. Baintree members met the guests at Dover, took them to London, Cambridge, and Colchester for sightseeing, and entertained them at a special ladies' night.

Australia

For Crippled Children

BRISBANE—With their crippled children's service well launched, Brisbane Rotarians have at present a fund of more than 11,000 pounds with which to carry on this work.

Spend for Employment

HOBART—To induce citizens to spend more in order to provide greater employment for the next four months, Hobart Rotarians launched a spending campaign in which members pledged 20,000 pounds. The general public, enthusiastic over the campaign, quickly doubled this amount. Launceston Rotarians, following Hobart's example, are likewise aiming at pledges amounting to 20,000 pounds.

Hosts at Conference

NEWCASTLE, N. S. W.—Members of this club were hosts recently at a week end conference of

A new home for fifty Rhesus monkeys is this unique gift of the Evansville, Indiana, Rotary Club to the local Municipal Zoological Garden—a replica in concrete of the Columbus flagship, the Santa Maria. Modern sewage and hot and cold running water assure proper sanitation; electricity provides both heat and light.

Here are the champions of the Junction City, Kansas junior baseball league. This team is sponsored by the local Rotary club which gave to the boys a reward of a trip to Kansas City, Missouri, to see a big league double header ball game. Front (at center) is Willard R. Muenzenmayer, president of the Rotary club; rear (at left), Theodore Hogan, past president of the club.



Rotarians of West Maitland, Tamworth, and Armidale. Sessions were devoted to a discussion of community, club, and vocational service problems.

Canada

Clinics for Cripples

OTTAWA, ONT.—Eight clinics for crippled children were held recently by the Ottawa Rotary Club. Hospital care for nine of these children is being provided by Ottawa Rotarians.

Give Y.M.C.A. Memberships

ST. CATHARINES, ONT.—Fifty St. Catharines boys were presented with memberships in the Y.M.C.A. this past year through funds contributed by the local Rotary club. Many of the members outfitted these boys with gym suits, shoes, and sweaters, and kept in personal touch with them in various ways throughout the year.

Corn Roast

MONTREAL, QUE.—One hundred crippled children were the guests of Montreal Rotarians at a special corn roast and field day.

United States of America

Anniversary Meeting

LAFAYETTE, LA.—Observing their thirteenth anniversary with a ladies' night dinner, Lafayette Rotarians had District Governor Clayton Rand as guest speaker.

Forty-two Cures

MOBILE, ALA.—For many years Mobile Rotarians have shown a devoted interest in the cause of crippled children as evidenced by the Rotary Orthopedic Ward established at a local infirmary and the weekly hospital visits made by individual members. Recently Mobile Rotarians were able to point with satisfaction to the forty-second cure in their Orthopedic Ward.

For Chicago Consulates

CHICAGO, ILL.—In order that Rotarian and non-Rotarian visitors to the offices of Chicago consuls may know of their Rotary connection and be reminded of the existence of Rotary in this city, the Chicago Rotary Club recently presented the office of each consular member with a reproduction of the portrait of Paul Harris together with a Rotary plaque.

Raise \$100 Pronto!

ALLENTOWN, PA.—The chairman of the Boys' Work Committee had no more than finished his announcement that \$100 more was needed for the Allentown summer camp, when the amount was immediately subscribed. Allentown Rotarians were thereby enabled to provide summer vacations for 85 underprivileged boys.

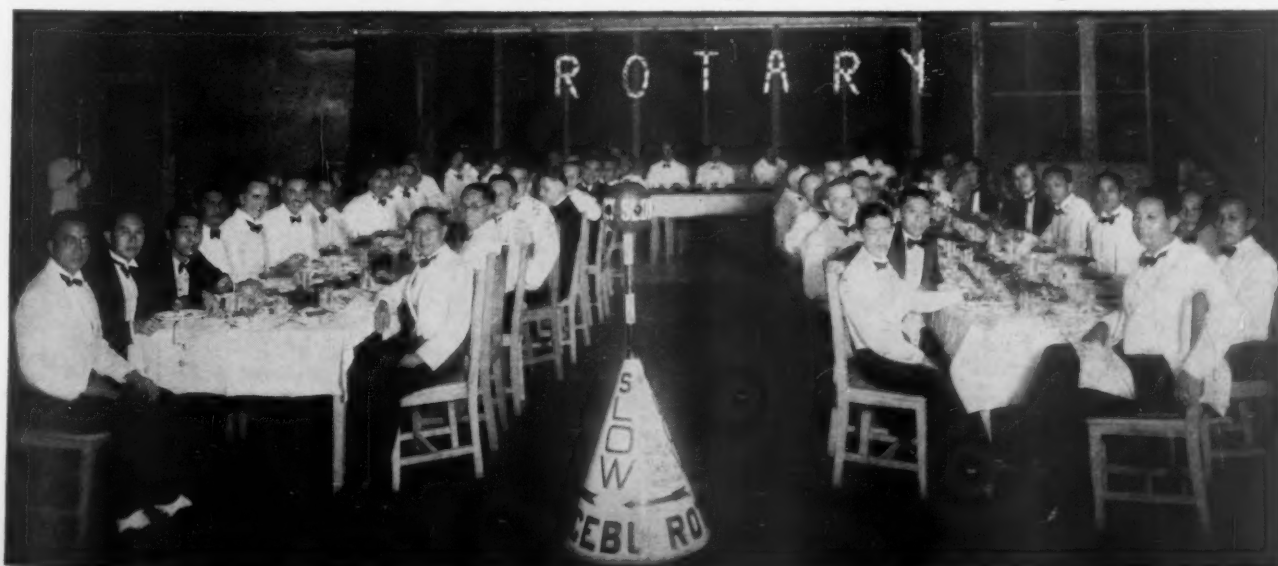
Ninth Inter-city Picnic

A host of Rotarians from Susanville, Reading, Corning, Oroville, Colusa, and Red Bluff (California) met recently for their ninth annual inter-city picnic. Each club provided a part of the entertainment.

For Delinquent Boys

EL PASO, TEX.—Juvenile delinquency in El Paso has been greatly reduced, judges assert, through the effective work of local Rotarians in assisting boys returned to the city from various corrective homes. Some years ago a Goodwill Boys' Club was organized by the El Paso Rotary Club into which these boys are admitted as they are released from various corrective homes. A vacant lot was their first recreational and meeting place; now the basement of a church has

A gala occasion for the recently organized Rotary Club of Iloilo was the charter night banquet on July 8. This is the third Rotary club in the Philippine Islands, the other two being at Manila and Cebu.



been outfitted with showers, a playroom, and clubroom for their use. A library of a thousand good books and a carpenter and shoe repair shop are also installed.

The boys repair their own shoes and those of their families, and, through a movement started by a daily paper, some 6,000 toys are repaired each Christmas for distribution among the poor children. A director is in charge of the club, which is open from one to nine p.m., each day. He is now paid a small salary by the county as an assistant probation officer. Thus many boys are paroled to him by the courts and few are found to be repeaters. Many permanent and part time jobs have been found for the boys.

A Feast and a Fast

Rotarians of Alamogordo and Artesia, Texas, recently held an attendance contest, as a result of which the winning club feasted on chicken at an inter-city meeting; the losers dined on beans.

Recreational

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Believing that the amusement facilities in city parks should be increased, Colorado Springs Rotarians this past year assumed the burden of making these improvements when the park board was unable to supply the funds. Children and grownups are both enjoying the huge shuffle-boards which have been installed as the first step in this project.

Sunshine Camp

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—This is the twelfth season that Rochester Rotarians have held a vacation camp for crippled children. Opening at the end of the school year, and continuing through to September, some seventy-five children are cared for each summer. Rotarians and their friends bring the children back from the camp each Saturday so that they may participate in religious services and spend Sunday with their families. The camp activities include those that would be of interest to any normal boy or girl. In addition handicraft courses, and classes in nature study are conducted.

Outing for Cripples

WADSWORTH, OHIO—Members of the Wadsworth Rotary Club, with the assistance of the Lodi Rotarians and other service clubs in the county, provided a week's vacation at a local Y.M.C.A. camp for a large group of crippled children.

Barn Dance

CORTLAND, N. Y.—No hen would have suspected that the beautifully decorated hall in which Cortland Rotarians held their benefit barn dance and chicken barbecue was to be her future home. As a result of the dance, more than \$500 was thus added to the Cortland Rotary Club milk and student loan fund. Those Rotarians who sold the greatest number of tickets were each presented with a prize consisting of a plump Rhode Island Red chicken.

A Fellowship Exercise

DETROIT, MICH.—To the Detroit Rotarian who at a given table can name the members sitting about him and can in addition give their exact classification, a prize of one dollar is awarded each week. That member, who the week before was unable to identify all the men at his table, donates the prize.

For Indigent Babies

FORDSON, MICH.—Indigent babies of Fordson are assured of the necessary treatment of olive oil upon their arrival in this world, for a year's supply of olive oil has just been donated to the Visiting Nurses' Association by the Fordson Rotary Club.

Holiday for Cripples

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Crippled children in this city are being provided with better homes and vacations in the country through the efforts of Cleveland Rotarians. Every member of the Cleveland Rotary Club automatically becomes a member of the Ohio Society for Crippled Children. This year their contributions amounted to \$3,502.

Fish Fry

BOONE, IA.—Members of the Boone Rotary Club entertained the Rotary clubs of Ames, Nevada, Webster City, Jefferson, and Perry, Iowa, at their annual fish fry recently. So famous has this event become, that more than 75 per cent of the membership of the five clubs mentioned attended the meeting.

Community Cabin

ARCADIA, CAL.—As a demonstration of their skill with saw, hammer, and trowel, Arcadia Rotarians may justifiably point with pride to the community cabin which they erected for the use of children in their city. The cabin is situated in a three-acre forest preserve, favorite haunt for wiener roasts and picnics. Furniture and rugs for the cabin have been donated, but the interior decoration is being left entirely to the skill and ingenuity of various juvenile organizations.

Care for Boys

LANCASTER, PA.—Eight or nine boys are constantly being cared for in the Rotary Home provided by Lancaster Rotarians. The boys assist in the care of the building and in the cultivating and harvesting of crops grown for the home.

Aid Blind Youth

JACKSON, TENN.—A small boy, partially blind, has been given treatment under the direction of Jackson Rotarians. So improved is his eyesight that the Vocational Service Committee is making plans to assist him in proper instruction.

Rotary Picnic

FAIRMONT, W. VA.—Forty-nine children on a truck load of hay, all singing lustily—thus Fairmont Rotarians transported a group of children from the county detention home to a nearby park for a day's outing.

Camp for 90

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Ninety handicapped children were cared for during the summer by Cincinnati Rotarians at their vacation camp.

All local consular officials, a representative of the governor of the province, the mayor of Tientsin, and other Chinese officials, were among the 154 present to help Tientsin Rotarians celebrate their tenth charter anniversary. A feature was the presentation to the club of thirteen national flags, symbolic of the nations represented in the club. Each of the flags was carried by a lady of the respective nationality, and was presented as the appropriate national anthem was played.





Photo: Rombach & Groene, Cincinnati

It was a great day for the youngsters when Admiral Byrd visited the Cincinnati Hobby Fair. Left to right: Dr. E. A. Baber, past president of the Rotary club; Admiral Byrd; H. J. Kramer, chairman, the hobby fair board.

No salon award will ever give these boys a bigger thrill than the prize they won at the fair.

Give a Boy a Hobby

WHEN the short-week is a part of the industrial and professional scheme, what will people do with their new leisure time?

The answer, say many students of society, is: *Hobbies!* They point out that the enthusiasm and interest that otherwise may find expression in unsocial acts can be focused on hobbies with benefit to the individual—and to his community.

* * *

It was nine years ago that the Cincinnati (Ohio) Rotary Club launched its first Hobby Fair. "At least it will amuse the youngsters," it was said. But—

One boy exhibited a queer-looking radio sound box. Radio was his hobby and the contrivance was his own. Today this young man, Donald Wingate, is sound director of the WLW studios. Another lad displayed "stuffed animals." Now he has a taxidermy business.

And thousands of other young men have, under the stimulus of the annual exhibitions, learned how to use their hands and brains in arts, crafts, and collecting. In short, they have developed hobbies that make them happier and more interesting citizens. Even some of the "boys grown tall," in the fifties and sixties, have been inspired to revive old hobbies, thereby equipping themselves with safety-valves for strenuous business and professional lives.

Add to these benefits the wholesome effect upon the community of having sev-

eral thousand boys spending their spare moments in collecting and building things, and you see why Cincinnati Rotarians are now as enthusiastic for the fair as are the boys themselves.

But few things worth-their-salt develop without the expenditure of thought and effort on the part of some one, and a hobby fair is no exception. At the outset, the Cincinnati Hobby Fair brought out a lot of—well, junk. Then, too, the exhibitors quickly passed the eighteen-year age limit, and there was no established technique for building up interest in the youngsters coming on. And there were other problems. But the fact that at the last year's fair, 1,500 boys exhibited some 4,000 items to 45,000 visitors, shows that the Rotary club has entrusted its vision to able hands.

THE winner of the grand prize in this most successful of all fairs, was a boy who had built a typewriter desk. It was such a fine piece of work that local office-furniture specialists admitted they couldn't beat it. There was even some question as to whether the work was really his. But it was. He had designed and executed the whole thing in his mother's kitchen.

The fair is staged in a prominent place in the downtown section. One boy designed a prize poster for street-car dis-



play. Others constructed a huge electrical sign. And, of course, newspapers did their share in publicizing the event.

Exhibits were arranged in twelve departments: art—drawings, posters, artistic window designing, etc.; arts and crafts; natural history—including stamp, coin, Indian relic, and other collections; models; woodwork and cabinet-making; metal work; electrical work; scoutcraft; mechanical drawing; aeronautics; and special exhibits.

Boys installed a loud speaker which announced to the passing public that inside were demonstrations of freehand drawing, jewelry-making, and so on. Youngsters whose hobby was "entertainment" provided tumbling acts and instrumental music during the afternoons, and a different high school band gave a concert each night.

Prizes formerly were things of material value—bicycles, baseball bats, and the like. Now, the grand prize winner is awarded a gold watch or something of

similar value, and he and the twelve department winners are guests of the club for the presentation of awards. Impressive certificates of merit, suitable for framing, provide ample incentive for most of the contestants.

It takes a committee of 125 Rotarians headed by a board with a chairman to look after details of the project. Each spring they begin to prepare for the event the following fall. Speeches are made at the schools, and help of teachers is enlisted. Boys are urged to start work at once and to take advantage of their summer vacations. Participants fill out entry blanks, and general rules and other information are printed on an eight-page program issued in advance. Its cover bears a picture of the grand prize winner of the year before.

In dollars, last year's fair cost 1,500— which was made up out of the Boys' Work appropriation of the Rotary club. The cost in effort and time, of course, cannot be computed, but whatever it was Cincinnati Rotarians feel that the results have repaid it many times over.

AT XENIA, Ohio, Rotarians also are highly enthusiastic over their hobby fair. The second one was held last December 2 and 3 in the city armory. Its general plan was similar to and modelled after not-far-away Cincinnati's.

For weeks before it opened, boys haunted the local machine shops, garages, and carpenter shops, seeking discarded bits of wire, bolts, nuts, and wood. An

Vinton Buffenbarger's home-made receiving set is capable of bringing the whole world to his home in Xenia.



airplane model was made from old fence wire covered with cotton. Corrugated paper board became a glam'rous castle which glistened like silver under the bright lights. Visitors were surprised at the toys the boys had whittled from scraps of waste lumber.

Odds and ends of materials assembled in a pickle bottle, partially covered with tar paper, was one of the "sensations" of the fair. It was a photo-electrical cell, created by a boy of fourteen whose ambition it is to capture light and heat from the air. To the surprise of experts, the needle of its meter swayed back and forth with the light of a match.

The art department was much commented upon for its variety of pen, pencil drawings, and paintings. Men in combat was a favorite theme and so were comic



This display of knotted ropes won a departmental prize for smiling Glen Johnson, one of Xenia's Boy Scouts.

strip characters. Collections of stamps, coins, and what-not abounded.

Sixty tiny airplanes, built to scale, held forth in the aeronautical department. With Xenia close to Dayton, home of the Wright brothers and scene of many aviation activities, it was, of course, to be expected that many of the boys would be air-minded.

A whimsical note in the floral department touched many visitors. A tiny, 2x6, red box contained five delicate plants, scarcely an inch high. Tacked to the side was a sign with these words in a childish scrawl: "Please water these flowers every day." Need more be said?



Two airplanes that kept him busy two months brought Kenneth Swigart the Xenia fair's grand prize.

Numerous excellent exhibits came from the Ohio Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home, where a thousand children are wards of the state. The band from this institution as well as musical organizations from various schools contributed much to the success of the occasion.

The Xenia Rotary Club has forty-four members. To a man they are delighted with — and a bit proud of — their fair which, in its second year, exhibited almost a thousand entries and brought out 8,000 visitors in the day and a half it was open.

The work of making the event a success has brought the club together and has created a fine pride in service and a willingness to coöperate that gets things done. Prior to starting the project, this club ranked lowest in the district attendance records; now it is at the top.

* * *

The widespread and increasing popularity of this project is best shown by this partial list of Rotary clubs which have held hobby fairs: Shanghai, China; Deming, New Mexico; Springfield, Illinois; Nashville, Tennessee; Alamosa, Colorado; Cobourg, Ontario, Canada; San Pedro, California; St. Louis, Missouri; Olney, Nebraska; Berwick, Pennsylvania; Salem, Oregon; Tacoma, Washington.

Schuyler McClellan, president of the Xenia Rotary Club, is such a believer in hobby fairs that he would like to see Rotary International sponsor an association of clubs holding them. Then might come a national—or even an international—fair for district winners; who knows?

Should the United States Recognize Russia?—Yes

[Continued from page 11]

United States formally recognizing the government of Russia? What is there in common between selling enlarged photographs to North Carolina tenant farmers and selling airplanes or farm machinery to officials of the Soviets? Mr. Morgan gives his opinion:

“WHEN you get down to the last analysis, every kind of salesmanship rests on the same basis. You have, let us say, some merchandise to sell. It is good merchandise, but possibly no better than the merchandise that is being offered by your competitors. The price is about the same, too. So far, you and your competitor are on an even basis. What, then, is going to make the customer decide whether he will buy the merchandise from you, or from your competitor?

“Just one thing: Personal preference. If the customer likes you better, he buys from you. If he likes your competitor better, he buys from your competitor.

“That brings up another question: What makes the customer like one salesman better than another salesman? That is easy to answer. The customer is a human being, and he likes the people who show that they like him.

“Let’s get back to North Carolina and the enlarged photograph business. Suppose I was going along the road with my samples and I came to a cabin in a clearing with a tobacco patch alongside. The old man and his wife were sitting on the front step of the cabin, and I went in to try and sell them. But just as I got there another photograph salesman came down the road from the opposite direction. We both got to the old man and his wife at the same time. They admitted they were in the market for our merchandise and would buy from one of us. They had a boy in the navy and he had sent them a tintype. They had \$1.98 and they were willing to spend every cent of it on an enlarged photograph of their sailor boy.

“My competitor made his sales talk first. He was pretty slick. While he was getting out his samples he said to the old man, ‘You’re Mr. Boggs, aren’t you?’ When the old man answered ‘Yes,’ the salesman said, ‘I reckon I’ve heard about you, Mr. Boggs. I live over in Caswell County, and there’s a neighbor of ours that knows you. He’s a tobacco buyer, and he says you’re a fine man to deal with. He likes your wife, too. He told me if I ever came this way that I musn’t miss seeing you.’

“That is the way the other salesman

talked while he was showing his samples. Pretty soon it came my turn. I got out my samples and I told the old man that I was from Granville County. He said he knew some folks over there. Then suppose I answered him: ‘Some folks over there know you too, Mr. Boggs. My father knows you. He doesn’t like you. He says the way you run your farm is something terrible. He says you are a low down skunk. If he was to meet you on the road, Mr. Boggs, he wouldn’t speak to you!’”

Mr. Morgan, president of the Curtiss-Wright Company, described this imaginary sales interview. Then he asked me which of the two boys would probably sell the enlarged photograph. I said I thought I could pick the winner.

“Yet that is exactly the situation,” Mr. Morgan said earnestly, “that confronts every American manufacturer who tries to sell his merchandise to the Russian government. His merchandise is all right. As good or better than his competitors. But in the end he has to say to the Russian:

“‘I wish you’d buy my merchandise. I need the business. Of course, I come from the United States. Some of my folks don’t like you. They say you are a crook. They don’t like the way you run things. My government won’t speak to you. But won’t you please overlook this and buy my merchandise anyhow?’”

MR. MORGAN mentioned to me a point that showed graphically what a special handicap an American manufacturer is under when he tries to do business with Russia under present conditions.

“Suppose I send my salesmen over to England,” he said, “and they begin sending orders back to the factory. Perhaps a million dollars worth of orders pile up. I haven’t got enough raw materials on hand to make up the merchandise. I’ve got to buy the materials. I’ve also got to pay my help a lot of wages before the merchandise is ready to ship to the customers. Also, I have got to extend credit to the customers. From the time the orders come in until I get my money it will be, let us say, about six months.

“Of course I haven’t got the money in my pocket to run my factory for six months. I go down to my bank and show the president these orders and I say to him, ‘Look here, I guess you’ll have to increase my line of credit temporarily. For the next six months I’ll need quite a lot of extra cash.’

“The president looks up his records and finds that my regular line of credit is half a million dollars. He asks me how much extra I figure I’ll need to handle these English orders, and I say about half a million above my regular line of credit. He says, ‘Oh that’s all right. With a million dollars worth of orders on hand your credit is good for that much.’

“I thank the president and go back to my factory, where I hire more men and start them making up the million dollars worth of merchandise.

“That is what happens when I get my million dollars worth of orders from England, or Czechoslovakia, or Peru, or Japan, or Egypt, or Costa Rica. My bank president knows I have looked up the credit responsibility of the customers who ordered the merchandise. He believes that I will get my money. He figures that my responsibility, plus the customers’ responsibility, makes it safe for him to expand my regular line of credit.

“BUT what happens when I get a million dollars worth of orders from Russia? I go down to the bank and the president looks at the orders and shakes his head.

“‘I’m sorry, old man,’ he says, ‘but I can’t do anything for you. I can just loan you up to your regular line of credit, that’s all.’

“I ask him why. He answers:

“‘Because you’ve gone into something that is, in effect, a boot-legging game. You’re doing business with people whom the United States government doesn’t recognize. As far as our government is concerned, Russia doesn’t exist. If anything should go wrong, our government can’t do a thing to help you as it could do if you sold your merchandise in Honduras, or Abyssinia, or Siam. In Russia you take your own chances. This bank wouldn’t expand your credit to finance a cargo of hard liquor. Neither will it expand your credit to finance business with Russia!’”

The Russian government, Mr. Morgan says, may have only the status of a boot-legger, but the commercial ethics of the Russian government are considerably higher than the average of people in that profession. The present government of Russia has never defaulted on a commercial payment for goods purchased in the United States. Altogether, the Soviet Union has bought over \$500,000,000 of American products without one penny of default.

In the beginning of my interview, I

quoted Mr. Morgan as saying he would discuss the question of the United States' recognition of Russia from a business standpoint only. But he touched later on the ethical side, just a bit.

He said: "Since George Washington was President our foreign policy has been to renounce dictation and to take the world as it is. The United States said, in effect, to other peoples, 'We wish you well and we won't bother about your ways of living.' If a revolution took place in any country, our government assumed that the people of that country had fixed up the kind of government they wanted. In the course of our history we have recognized empires, monarchies, despotisms decked out as democracies, tyrannies masquerading as republics. The only thing the United States has insisted on is that the new governments should be able to 'maintain itself without substantial resistance to its authority.'

"I have been in Russia on business twice during the past four years. There is no comparison between the Russia of today and the Russia I knew in 1913. Their government has absolutely eliminated graft in business transactions. There is complete discipline. In 1913 only 20 per cent of the people could read or write. In 1930, 62 per cent of the people were literate. In that year alone more than ten million adults were taught to read and write. In 1913 only half of all children of school age attended elementary schools. Now, more than 90 per cent of all children are in school. The infant death rate has decreased by 50 per cent.

"Whether one likes the form of Russia's government or not, something like a miracle has been happening in that country."

Russia, according to Mr. Morgan, is the natural customer of the United States.

"When I am in Russia," he said, "I am constantly struck with the curiosity of Russians toward America. They ask

me, 'How do you plough for cotton in America?' Or, 'What fertilizer do you use for wheat?' When I go through a factory I may be stopped a dozen times to answer all sorts of questions—whether the man's lathe is like the lathes we use in America, or if a workman who is turning out ten items in a day would be expected to turn out more than that, or less, in an American factory.

"What prompts this curiosity, I think, is the fact that the Russians liken their situation to that of Americans. Their

United States were friends. They are puzzled to know why this old friend will not recognize their existence."

And finally, Mr. Morgan said:

"Our country is fighting for purchasing power. That is the purpose of the NRA, the National Recovery Act. We are spending billions in vast building programs to create orders for materials that in turn will provide work for our citizens.

"While this is going on, we have a natural and immediate market for our

Photos: Underwood & Underwood



Thousands of classes, such as this, are part of the Soviet plan to abolish illiteracy.

present government is the result of a revolution, just as our government was the result of a revolution. They have a vast, undeveloped country, just as we had one hundred and fifty years ago. We conquered our deserts and marshes and set up a civilization that has a vastly higher living standard than any other country on earth.

"The Russians want to know how we did all this. They want to do the same things. They feel friendly toward us. Even under the czars, Russia and the

products. Russia is waiting to buy our goods and make jobs for American workmen. In that country are 160,000,000 people whose standard of living is being raised more rapidly than ever before in the history of any other country.

"In times like these, when millions of American workers are compelled to live on charity, I want to see a rightful share of this business come to America. But it is pretty hard to sell merchandise to a man when your father isn't on speaking terms with him!"

Should the United States Recognize Russia?—No

[Continued from page 13]

of this government to recognize *de facto* governments?" I asked.

"That question does not apply here," he answered. "There is no denying the fact that there is a *de facto* government which is able to impose its authority and maintain order but it does this by cruel repressions.

"The whole point is that we should not recognize as a friend a nation which acknowledges she is not a friend and

which is founded upon a system which seeks to destroy us and conspires against our peace. To grant such recognition would be as Elihu Root so trenchantly said a 'solemn lie.'

"It would be a false pretense of accepting professions of friendship when we knew that behind them were a desire and purpose to destroy our institutions. Moreover, recognition would mean the opening of the doors to thousands

of so-called diplomats who in their official capacity would also be the propagandists of a system inimicably opposed to our ideas and ideals."

"Have not assurances and guarantees been proposed that with recognition the immunities of diplomatic agencies will not be abused?" I asked.

"Of course they have," he replied. "But at the same time it must not be forgotten that the leaders of the regime have fre-

quently and openly boasted that they are willing to sign agreements with not the slightest intention of carrying them out. This attitude is based upon the theory that no agreement with a non-Bolshevist government has any moral obligation for them. Upon numerous occasions they have declared that maintenance of their own rule depends upon revolutions in other countries and they have made it quite evident that they intend to use every means, including diplomatic agencies, to promote such revolutions.

"They would preach the theory that our capitalistic civilization is incapable of solving in an evolutionary and constitutional way the problems which at present besiege it.

"To their minds the world revolution is inevitable. Their own revolution was but a prelude to the overthrow of everything for which not only this country but also most other countries have stood.

"Let a revolutionary situation develop in any country, especially in one of strategic importance in the economic and political system of the world, and the resources of Russia, which are already pledged to its support, will be immediately placed behind the forces which are seeking to overthrow the existing order.

"At times the Russian government has been fit to deny this basic hostility of the Soviet regime to all non-Bolshevist governments. At times it has seemed expedient to conceal this hostility. But let us look facts in the face. Whenever conditions in any part of the world appear to be favorable to the spread of its ideas, it does not hesitate to display its hatred and malignity of anything that savors of capitalism.

"In the midst of the trouble in China, Russia's emissaries were busy spreading the gospel of communism. But a few months ago the call from Moscow was heard in Berlin bidding the proletariat to

revolt, although at the time a technical friendliness existed between the two governments.

"A number of my radical friends may feel that I exaggerate the facts. Let me give you Dictator Stalin's own words, words not uttered years ago, but this very year:

"Our own camp is being increased throughout the world by the successes of the Five Year Plan. This means that proletarian revolutions are threatening the capitalistic world and that these successes are mobilizing revolutionary forces against capitalism."

"Only a few months ago Stalin also said 'the Communist Internationale has created possibilities for the Communist party in the United States to reach the stage where it is able to prepare the masses for the coming revolution.'

THE progress of communism in this country is being constantly watched by the Russian government. Every outbreak is hailed by the Russian press as evidence of our progress along their lines of thought. Strikes, the Scottsboro trial, and the agitation which the Communist party is endeavoring to stir up among our Negro citizens are all regarded as happy harbingers of what is believed to be the inevitable conflict between capitalism and communism.

"We have absolute proof and conclusive evidence that this is so. Knowing it to be the case, should we hold out the hand of friendship to such a nation?"

"What about recognition from a financial angle?" I inquired.

"The great argument which the proponents of recognition bring forward," he replied, "is that of increased business. The Soviet government has held that out as a bait before our eyes. It has contended that vast opportunities for profitable

trade would be opened up if our policy of non-recognition were abandoned.

"The evidence is conclusive that our present policy has afforded ample facility for all the trade with Russia that is economically possible.

"A billion dollars worth of purchasing has been promised in return for loans to that amount. But a loan to enable a foreign country to pay for our goods would be a short-sighted policy which has already been shown ineffectual.

"The proponents of recognition on the grounds of commercial advantage need only to look at the experiences of Great Britain, Italy, and France. None of these countries has profited by such recognition and two of them have had to cancel it.

"Soviet foreign trade is a function of the government. As such it is absolutely subject to Soviet policy. It is turned on and off like a tap to serve political ends. No nation has materially increased its trade with Russia as a result of recognition, nor have we suffered in the least by withholding it. The argument of business advantage, even if it were so, which it is not, should have no place in determining our country's stand upon this question.

"President Coolidge put the entire matter in a few words when he tersely said:

"I do not propose to barter away for the privilege of trade any of the cherished rights of humanity; I do not propose to make merchandise of American principles."

"I believe that in all essential particulars the theory and practice of the Soviet government remain unchanged from what they were when this government declared that it is not possible for the government of the United States to recognize the present rulers of Russia as a government with which the relations common to friendly governments can be maintained."

To the Alps—and Beyond

[Continued from page 32]

explained that he made the offer to enable a distinguished soldier to return to his country as was the proper habit of generals, in victory.

President Crabtree, of Rotary International: Association for Great Britain and Ireland (RIBI), in a memorandum on Rotary organization in that area and its relation to the program of Rotary International, opened up a subject which will be further explored by the E A C, as well as by the Board of Directors of Rotary International.

The E A C meeting was followed by a two-day regional conference attended by

750 Rotarians and their ladies coming from thirty-two different countries.

The program was largely devoted to economic and financial questions and to the problem of unemployment. Contributions under these headings were of a most able kind. Rotary in Europe takes these factors very seriously and is stimulating a study of them. The manner in which Rotarians from all these lands were able to overcome the difficulties of language and race was a source of constant wonder and admiration.

At the close of the regional conference, accompanied by Secretary Perry, I at-

tended with the rest of the delegates the meeting of the Rotary Club of Geneva and on following days those of Lucerne and Zurich. A few days in Czechoslovakia, Germany, Holland and France permitted me to meet our membership in Munich, Prague (Prah), Berlin, The Hague, and Paris. I came away with a greatly increased regard for European Rotarians, for the way in which they are safeguarding our principles, and for the camaraderie and good temper which marked all their discussions.

Rotary is in safe hands in Europe.

Meeting Cut-Throat Competition

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available. Stated in simple and compact form, they are:

1. Select the customers to whom you are to sell.
2. Buy the right merchandise which those customers want or can be made to want.
3. Have that merchandise available at the time they want it.
4. Sell the merchandise at the price which they *willingly* pay.
5. Create and maintain a store "atmosphere" which they will seek and enjoy.

The first rule is fundamental. Will the retailer serve the small percentage of the immeasurably rich, or the larger percentage of the unutterably poor? Perhaps he will choose the great seventy per cent between the extremes. The choice having been made, every activity must be directed and coordinated toward attaining that objective.

The buying of the right merchandise places the retailer in the position of purchasing agent for his customers. His requisitions must be the result of his own keen analysis of their present or potential wants. Some combination of quality, style, and price become his guide posts. Quantities must be accurately judged. He can not expect a provident government to make periodic purchases

of his excess stocks. Premium prices for small hogs will not become a fashion.

The importance of merchandise timeliness can scarcely be overestimated. Too many retailers fail because their merchandise is bought in and displayed for sale just after the consumers' buying season has closed. Retail stocks which are constantly behind the market demands become a very fertile source of "distress merchandise."

The fourth rule concerns the retailer's selling price which his customers willingly pay. This is not the traditional phrase, "The price which customers are willing to pay." Retailers are beginning to realize that "willingly pay" describes an *action* which puts cash in their tills or creates good accounts receivable much more quickly than an attitude of mind—"willing to pay." An apostle of the "willingly pay" philosophy conducted a successful men's clothing store for over fifty years in the author's original home city in Michigan. His store front carried the legend, "The Poor Man's Friend." He was just that, and his passing meant more than the mere death of another retailer. He lived and moved in advance of the NRA.

Finally, the store atmosphere must be such that the retailer's customers enjoy being in his place of business. The term is all inclusive. It means the combined physical surroundings, fixtures, stock of displays, and, last, but by no means least, the human element. Only the human element can furnish the moral and spiritual values. Store personnel must always be selected with these points in mind.

It also increases the material values. A chain of four of the most successful food stores in a small Indiana city grew from the modest beginning of one small grocery on a side street. The owner paid his clerks more money. One after another the best clerks in the city were found happily serving his customers. Modern fixtures, clean stocks, and right prices complete the picture of the store atmosphere so much to be desired.

These are the fundamental principles. They are sound in this Year One of NRA as they were a century ago. The retailer on "Main Street" everywhere who builds his business upon them will reap the moral, spiritual, and material values which should constitute an adequate reward. He will have met and conquered cut-throat competition.

The right and wrong way to display show cases as demonstrated at a recent candy show.

Photo: Underwood & Underwood.



What Is a Bad Boy?

[Continued from page 24]

laid bare for intelligent treatment. Acknowledging the grave importance of curing anatomical disabilities, Dr. Wile says: "Structural defects are less dominating than functional disabilities. A child may have a complete anatomical equipment (insofar as is demonstrable) and yet slight variations in function may impair its capacity for life. For instance, there is a functional disorder of the thyroid gland in which secretion is deficient, and a sluggish, slow-moving body results. Likewise, there are functional variations of the other endocrine glands and of the viscera, which interfere with normal development and may destroy the joy and value of life."

From statistics on "normal" children, Dr. Wile makes the startling statement that "the average child is abnormal, if the normal child is to be regarded as free from all physical defects." And so, if we also include all the children whose environments are unfavorable from a purely mental standpoint, we must conclude that the need for child guidance by experts is great indeed.

* * *

ASIDE from hereditary traits, family environment is the most fruitful force for weal or woe.

A juvenile court judge of my acquaintance has cleverly paraphrased a familiar saying to read: "As the tree is bent, so is the twig inclined." There is a monumental truth back of this scrambled proverb.

When the baby comes into this world, blinking and squinting and rubbing its eyes, it is confronted by a most extraordinary set of folks. They begin to pull and haul at him. They work on his nerves, make him laugh or cry, maul him, manhandle him, put him through all sorts of ordeals devised through several centuries of so-called civilization. When he is several months old they may even tickle him and tease him, just to see him laugh or squall. "You

can't kill 'em with a club," said our old family doctor.

Animals don't do very much of this sort of thing. The youngsters seem to get along very nicely without much at-

must subject themselves to self-discipline and to the regulations of society. Right-minded people in this state of human progress, recognize such restraint as being actually liberating.

Photo: Wendell McRae, N. Y.



"What is a bad boy, indeed? He is not what you think he is. In almost every case, a bad boy is simply a good boy under wrong conditions."

tention on the part of their elders. This has led some psychologists to assume that babies and children ought to be allowed to grow up like animals, without restraint or discipline or even guidance.

There are several things wrong with this kind of reasoning. In the first place, human beings have imaginations developed far beyond those of animals, and imagination produces a lot of happiness as well as a lot of grief. Lying, deception, day dreaming, the setting up of imaginary playmates, and a great many other human habits, some good and some bad, have their origin in imagination. It takes a skilled psychologist to determine the exact harm or benefit produced by each distinct manifestation of imagination. We look into the face of a little child, and we grown-ups wonder what he is thinking about. The child's mind is busy all the time. If that mind is guided into normal, healthy channels, and kept reasonably free from conflict, warping and poisoning due to bad home conditions, and if there are no glandular or allied disturbances, it will undoubtedly be a blessing to its owner and to the parents.

Human beings, when they reach manhood and womanhood, find that they

There is no worse tyranny than that of the mob bent on achieving what it calls pure personal liberty. Traffic officers actually bring freedom to motorists by causing motorists to obey the rules of the crowded street. In the world's crowded house, discipline means freedom.

It is entirely illogical to conceive of a child growing to maturity as an anarchist, free from restraint or discipline or punishment for wrong deeds, only to find that all his conceptions of society had been wrong and that he must now conform to the rules of the game we call social government. Moreover,

if a child has utter freedom, the parents must submit to his tyranny. One or the other will impose authority. Dean Gleason L. Archer, LL.D., dean of Suffolk Law School, Boston, says: "If a child fails to respond to loving admonition, if it refuses to obey oft-repeated commands, it is obvious that something more is necessary. An old-fashioned spanking, calmly and judiciously applied, is the only argument that some children can fully and completely understand."

THE procedure of punishment and reward is still recognized as necessary to child training, although it is given the more polite name of "conditioning" by some of the child psychologists. For instance, in one of the recent books we read of a little girl regurgitating spinach and being treated to a prompt sousing from a glass full of water, and, to make the lesson still more impressive, an immersion, clothing and all, in a bathtub full of water. The more diplomatic way is to say, "First we eat spinach, then we play with the rocking-horse." That is "conditioning" in its most palatable form, and there are many gradations between the sousing and the rocking-horse reward of virtue.

Parents, it has become evident, have

a complex job. They must not only exercise a diplomatic and often concealed authority over their children, but they must see that their own attitudes, as between husband and wife are properly regulated.

How important this is was shown by Dr. Wile in the clinic that I attended. He drew a simple diagram, consisting of two circles, one representing the wife and the other the husband. An arrow represented the husband's attitude toward the wife. Another represented the wife's attitude toward the husband. Comparatively simple.

A CHILD comes, and there is a domestic triangle. There is the father's attitude toward the child and also toward the mother's attitude toward the child and also toward the child's attitude toward the mother, and so on. Instead of two attitudes there are now twelve. And when the second child comes, the number of attitudes is so great that the diagram becomes a most complex weave of lines. Always, of course, the parents are the dominant factors. They guide the pattern of the child's thinking, consciously or unconsciously, and in a great many cases they guide this thinking in a way they do not intend, because example is often more powerful than precept. If the parents' attitudes are not right, the "twigs" will be wrongly inclined. If the parents quarrel or there is some other unwholesome domestic situation, the children have a feeling of insecurity and uncertainty, and their normal attitude toward life is sadly disturbed.

Of course Nature has a way of compensating. The "only child" situation is even more difficult, in the average case, than that of the child who is one of many. Despite the complex weave of the family pattern, there are decided advantages in being one of several children. The "only child" is likely to become spoiled, or develop other traits that are due to loneliness, and which interfere with a truly normal development. For children who do not have convenient playmates of nearly their own age, various communities are now providing pre-school or nursery schools, which provide facilities whereby children from two to five years old may associate with children of about their own ages. After all, many of these projects are nothing more nor less than civilized society's tardy effort to bring back some of the simple advantages of primitive human groups, where there were few artificial restraints, and where

social conditions did not tend to generate undesirable traits.

Take the matter of the so-called "white lie," for instance.

Do parents teach children to lie?

Dr. William Stekel, internationally known authority on child psychology, cites the case of a little girl who started lying shortly after she heard her mother tell the maid to tell a visitor that she was "not at home."

"Nothing can enrage parents so greatly as the discovery that their child has lied," says Dr. Stekel. "They forget very easily that it is they who must train the child to be truthful. This training must not be effected by words alone, but also through the behavior of the parents themselves. Children will never forget if they have been deceived. Promises must always be kept. Children can observe with an almost uncanny shrewdness. If a child discovers that he has been lied to, he will be sure to respond soon with a lie of his own."

He also cites the case of a boy who was promised a dollar for some service. He did not get it. The failure to get the dollar bulked larger and larger in his mind until it became a veritable symbol of futility which eventually worked much havoc with the boy.

There are many familiar practices that are discouraged by wise child psychologists, such as teasing, criticizing, or punishing in the presence of strangers, the treating of growing children as though they were babies, as in the matter of dressing or feeding. Sometimes children ranging from three to eight

years old will become jealous of younger brothers or sisters, noting the tenderness with which the baby is treated by the parents or others. They therefore seek to prolong their own infancy to unreasonable lengths, deliberately insisting upon being dressed or fed. Eventually they may be greatly harmed by a surrender to such procedure. However, such situations may be easily avoided if the parents are made to see the inner significance of certain strange phenomena.

SOCIETY has recognized the fact that, for self-protection, people must be concerned with the neighbor's children as well as with their own. There are institutions for crippled children—for those who are anatomically defective. But thus far society has provided for only a small fraction of those children that are psychologically crippled. It is only when a child betrays marked symptoms of perversity or feeble-mindedness that we become concerned. By that time the cure may be too late. The little twig may be warped and twisted for life. A criminal or a drifting, futile individual may have been formed out of an otherwise promising child, simply because some apparently harmless peculiarity has been allowed to develop without attention or guidance. In order not to be misunderstood, I wish to repeat: I cannot agree with those who hold that mature criminals or "bums" are altogether helpless and blameless victims of some psychological or physical defect.

I think there is a lot of maudlin fool-

"Despite the complex weave of the family pattern, there are decided advantages in being one of several children."

Photo: Publishers Photo Service.



ishness and actual harm in such contentions, for they imply that human will-power—the determination to overcome one's own weak or dangerous tendencies—is a rather futile thing. Humanity must have enough virility, enough stamina, enough power of self-discipline, to cause each individual to see for himself the danger and harm in surrendering to temptation. Society cannot carry all adults around on a dainty, pink, plush-covered pillow of eider-down. People, as a rule, have to work out their own salvation, after they are old enough to form adequate judgments, seeing the wages of sin. But how different is the case of the little child, who is groping for leadership, trustfully taking the hand of his elders, asking only for normal, healthy guidance, wholesome food and surroundings, cheerful mental atmosphere. How pitiful it is to see these trustful little ones kept in a turmoil of mental storm and stress, marital conflict, bad nutrition, evil associations and surroundings!

What is a bad boy, indeed? He is not what you think he is. In almost every case, a bad boy is simply a good boy under wrong conditions. "Innocent as a baby" is an expression founded upon sound common sense. The mind of a baby is a white sheet of paper. Upon this sheet will be written the record of

a life, for good or bad. On the very first day of his life the record begins, and that record is written more powerfully and indelibly than most of us realize. It is written upon the sub-conscious mind. Impressions that come in the first three or four years of life may dominate the entire life.

IN SOME of the larger cities the child guidance and mental health clinics have been in operation for several years, with wonderfully fine results. As a rule parents are quick to take advantage of these institutions, and the clinics are crowded. But thus far there are thousands of communities where such guidance is not yet available. Surely Rotary and similar organizations could do no finer thing toward the preservation of mental health and the defeat of criminality and aimlessness than to aid in the establishment of clinics.

There are literally millions of children, thus far untouched by such institutions, which could be reached while their difficulties are in a comparatively harmless stage. Sometimes a dozen words of advice spoken by a wise child psychologist will mean the difference between a human wreck and a fine citizen. And in many cases a very brief examination

and investigation will reveal some apparently minor difficulty hitherto unsuspected by the parents or teachers.

Provision may be made for bringing clinics from the larger cities to the smaller ones, by means of extension service, school visitations and the fostering of local clinics under the guidance of state child welfare stations or national groups. Even the smaller towns may do good work. Pediatricians and sometimes general practitioners in the medical profession are becoming more and more familiar with the subject of child psychology. After all, it is not such a formidable subject as some would have us believe.

Looking at the sweet face of a three-year-old, it is impossible to believe that he might ever become a criminal. But every criminal was once a three-year-old. Society's sins piled in on him too fast while he was a small boy, very likely, and they became a sub-conscious influence which finally resulted in disaster to himself and society.

What is a bad boy? Let's take another look into his very mind and his heart, if we can. We may see a wonderful little flower there, struggling for pure air and sunlight and the sweet boon of just understanding.

A Plain Man at the Play

[Continued from page 21]

corner to find a missing will or a document to prove that her mother had been really married. But instead of that she just stays in the room alone, *analyzing* herself. She is, so it seems, trying to realize herself; in fact she distinctly says that she is trying to reconstruct her life. This leaves the audience very vague as to how she is doing it and what it is that she wants to do.

Now another character comes in. As he enters, for a moment the audience think that something is going to happen. But nothing does. The new man seems to have the same talk-mania as the one who went out. He, too, is working out some "problem." All the characters in a new Community Park and Playgrounds Theater play are full of "problems" up to the neck.

Just once in this scene there is a piece of tense thrilling action. The man actually lights a cigarette with a match and smokes it. All the audience hope to heaven he'll set himself on fire. But he gets away with it. Once again as he goes on talking, talking, talking, another piece of action comes in. The man rings a bell

and a butler comes in with cocktails. That's a dirty one on the audience. They don't get any.

But the butler is supposed to be one of the great hits of the play. He just comes in and says, "Cocktails, sir?" and goes out again. But he goes out so perfectly, and is so completely gone when he goes, that it is felt to be a fine piece of acting. If the audience of today had ever seen a train wreck in act III of the old Melo, or "road agents" hold up a stage coach in the Rocky Mountains in act IV, they'd know what acting really can reach to.

You see the point of the old play was that things not only happened, but they kept on happening more and more. Finally they reached a terrific climax. The hero, for example, had been shot dead by the train wreckers who had ridden off with the loot and the heroine had been tied down across the railway track for the next train to run over her. In fact things looked pretty gloomy. Even a trained audience began to feel uneasy about the situation. Especially so, when they heard the clang of an engine bell and realized that a train was approaching over a long

cardboard trestle bridge, two miles away, with a twist in it.

The engine comes in sight. You can see the engineer and the fireman leaning out of the cab, but they don't see the heroine. Then just at that moment the hero—he's not dead but he's fixed up the slings and bandages to show how near dead he must have been—makes a flying leap from the rocks of the embankment into the cab of the locomotive. He grabs the throttle and tears it out by the roots. The speed slackens. The hero dashes forward onto the cow-catcher, leans away ahead with a knife in his hand, severs the heroine's bonds, and swings her into safety.

The whole theater rocks with enthusiasm. After that, the killing of the bandits in a mountain cave with nitrogen bombs is simplicity itself. In the cave, after the explosion, are found all the necessary marriage certificates, birth certificates, lost wills and other missing documents. The play only needs a mountain marriage with a comic clergyman to cork it up tight and end it.

Now I don't see why we couldn't keep

some of these features of the good old ten-twenty-thirty by incorporating them in the modern Little Theater Play. I admit that we need the Little Community Repertory Maternity Theater. After all Art is Art and if we *never* get on to it, where shall we be? And, anyway, town planning is a good thing, and if you don't support a Maternity Hospital what sort of man are you?

But just as a suggestion, why shouldn't the characters of the up-to-date talk play do all their analyzing and talking as part of the real action in a real play? For example let the heroine get tied down across the rails and *then* let her start to analyze herself; *then* let her try to think things out, to ascertain just how to fit in with her new environment.

While she is at it, let the train come along. Of course I admit that in the High Brow play it mustn't come fast; they've a lot of talking to get through first. We

mustn't break what is called the continuity of it, or if we do, the artistic harmony all goes to smithereens. So here is the engineer sitting in the cab with the fireman quietly talking about differential freight rates and the difference between cost of service and operating charges. Once perhaps we might let the engineer say, "I sometimes ask myself, Wilfrid, what I would do if I ran over a woman." That will give the audience a real thrill—as close to it as we dare let them come. After that the engineer will heave a deep sigh and start a game of chess with the fireman.

Now at this juncture, without danger of being too crude or too inartistic, I think we can let the hero quietly enter the cab and sit down on the steam pipes. Let him begin to talk with the engineer about predestination and whether individual will power is dependent on mass impulse—or not. Now the engineer may

say, "Speaking of prestidigitation I have a queer presentiment that I am about to run over a woman. I think I'll go and look."

While he is gone the fireman starts a talk, about fire. The engineer comes back and sits down and says gloomily that there *is* a woman on the track but that the speed of the train is slackening so fast that it is losing half its remaining velocity with each half minute. They are half as near to the woman as they were half a minute ago but he reckons that that's about as near as you can ever say you got to a woman.

With that the curtain falls and the play ends on just that strange note of uncertainty, that perplexing unanswered questioning—that alone makes great drama. The Germans call it, I think, *Weltschmerz*. I forget what the Turks call it—probably much the same.

He Built London's Biggest Store

[Continued from page 27]

presented himself for medical inspection. The naval doctor shook his head. No, the boy was in good enough trim, but he was half an inch too short. So the navy lost an admiral and merchandising won a prince.

He became a banker's assistant back in Ripon and evolved a list of the twenty most probable places for mistakes in the event of the books failing to balance. On one of his visits to America recently the cashier of the bank produced Selfridge's original list. Today's ledger clerks still use it.

Then he was offered a good job at twenty-five dollars a week. But big business called him. "Never mind security or salary—go where there is opportunity" was the first rule of ambition he grasped. He went to Chicago with a letter of introduction to Marshall Field. His first accomplishment was to get as far as Field's office. His second was to be hired, at ten dollars a week in the basement. "I started right at the bottom," remarks Gordon Selfridge accurately.

Selfridge rose quickly. One day—he does not say where—he was reading the catalogue of a big New York departmental store, and it gave him ideas. Field let him pay his own way east to study business methods. When he returned he had more ideas than ever, and Fields made him an executive. At thirty he was so valuable to the firm that Field took him into partnership rather than run the risk of losing him. At forty he had made

his million. Before he retired he asked his partner why he didn't think of opening a branch in London. No, said the great Mr. Field, London was a cold, cold place and anyway wasn't there enough business going in Chicago? Selfridge supposed there was. But he couldn't quite get the

idea of London out of his head. Today he is the big boss there.

Marshall Field's was not actually his last business endeavor before he started in England. When he sold out his interest he bought a retail business in Chicago from a syndicate of Jews. Soon after he sold it to a syndicate of Scotsmen. The deal showed a profit. This, says Dean Inge of St. Paul's, is true genius.

And then he officially retired and went to London with his books and couldn't buy buckwheat cakes and maple syrup and was coldly treated by lofty shop-assistants and so decided to build his own store. He chose Oxford Street for his site. As a shopping street it was more Sixth Avenue than Fifth Avenue in prestige and atmosphere. That didn't discourage him. He acquired a huge block of land, anxious to build at once.

He had trouble getting his building permits. Some of the difficulties that lay in his way seemed to have been placed there deliberately. (For existing London soft-goods merchants had deduced that the public spent eighteen per cent of its income on the goods they sold and could not spend more, so if Selfridge were to succeed it would be at their expense. They were not to know that a few years after the advent of Selfridge the public's expenditure on soft goods would total twenty-three per cent of its income; even today they probably regard the increased figure as a coincidence.)



Do You Want a Copy for Framing?

ADDITIONAL copies of this month's beautiful cover of mallard ducks in flight are available to readers. These can be framed with a light, wide mat as shown above and will make a beautiful decoration for library or den. Each copy is printed in four colors on heavy pebbled paper, and can be secured by sending ten cents in stamps or coin to THE ROTARIAN, 211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois.

But Selfridge managed to get permission to build. He wanted to erect a ten-story skyscraper, American plan. He found that London buildings could not reach higher than six dizzy stories. All right, then, he would limit the building to six stories above the ground and put in a few, basements underneath. London was amused. London was also, for the first time, interested.

SELFRIDGE'S (they talk of Harrod's, Whiteley's, etc., just the same way) was built in record time. The public sat up and took notice. This American intruder engaged the finest commercial artists of the day—Poole, Bell, Scott, Partridge—to prepare advertisements that appeared throughout the London press, not in the customary two half-columns, but in whole pages. The copy was notable for a breadth of outlook that staggered the tadpoles of the advertising world. It was in harmony with the whole gigantic enterprise, the vast confidence of the man, the vast building, the vast Corinthian pillars that fronted the building. He invited the public to come and see his shop and its wares; they were under no obligation to buy. That was new to members of the London shopping public. Surely there was a catch in it somewhere. But Mr. Selfridge assured them there was not.

Such was Selfridge's overture. It was lavish, it was expensive. In it he struck the keynote of his business—eternal courtesy to the shopper. For a while it did not serve its purpose. Selfridge had forgotten one thing—the psychology of the London shopping public. His store was thronged on the opening day. The shop-assistants—or, more correctly, the "members of the staff"—radiated goodwill.

If a woman wanted to try on twenty pairs of gloves and then didn't buy one, the members of the staff were delighted. If she took up their time for a whole afternoon and littered the counter with countless miles of chiffons and silks and then thought she didn't want anything after all, the members of the staff nearly swooned with pleasure. The shoppers hated it. They preferred the lofty English method of salesmanship to all that gush. Dapper little Cockneys went wet under the collar when they were bowed to with all the dignity due to archdukes. It seemed a little unnatural. They shuffled out of the store without buying anything much, and feeling rather as though they had overfed on strawberry cream cake.

It became a national joke. "As fawning as a member of Selfridge's staff" was the simile of the day. *Punch* published a

cartoon, obviously inspired by Selfridge's, showing salesmen bowing and scraping to customers and thrusting gifts and compliments upon them. The caption was: *We do this because we L-O-V-E you.* Another humorous publication praised the exhibitions by golf champions and billiard champions and mannequins in Selfridge's but wondered when they would be shown how to find a back stud under a chest of drawers, or how to leap straight into slippers from bed on a January morning without landing on the linoleum.

Everywhere there was ridicule. It nearly submerged the enterprise. Sales dropped off at a terrific rate. It took a lot of Gordon Selfridge's million dollars to see the store through during those dark days. Financial papers attacked him for his business methods. But he held on. "Two columns of abuse in this—the leading financial paper!" an appalled executive shouted one morning. "How often is our name mentioned?" asked Selfridge. "Every other line!" screamed the executive. "Fine," said Selfridge. "That's what I call publicity."

And it was. Selfridge's got space that would have cost a fortune to buy. It was ridicule, but it kept the name of Selfridge before the public. Selfridge did the rest by adapting his American ideas to English psychology—particularly by curbing the fawning of his staff—and by keeping his chin in the air. Not a word of protest did he utter. He continued to advertise lavishly and he stocked his store with good things. The members of the shopping public put on their thinking caps. This American had guts. He was game. To show their admiration they went back to Selfridge's. The shop-assistants were a little more lofty. And, by Jove, they sold good things!

That was the start. Today Selfridge's occupies nearly two blocks and they have branches scattered throughout the British Isles. It has reading rooms and writing rooms and rest rooms and a post office. It has an information bureau that will tell you how to get married and how to get divorced and answer any other question you can think of. You can buy your home-town papers there, be you from Tulsa, Oklahoma, or Timbuctoo, Africa. You can see on exhibition the latest record-breaking airplane, and world-champion athletes displaying their prowess. In fact, there is nothing hardly that you cannot buy, and little that you cannot see.

The store has no name plate outside, for Selfridge knows that everyone is aware of the shop just as everyone is

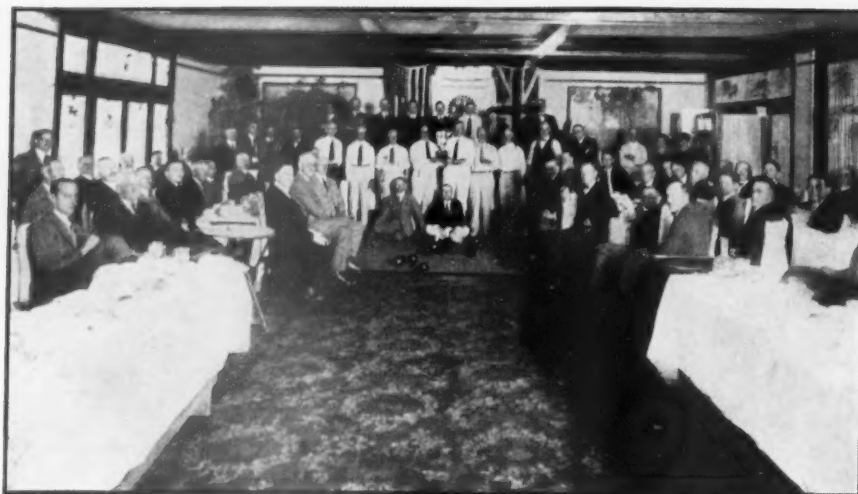
aware of St. Paul's. And when the buses stop outside, the conductors do not call out "Oxford Street!" They call out "Selfridge's!" Not that it is much use their calling out anything at all, for most of the passengers have alighted already.

That is Gordon Selfridge's business triumph. His social triumph is no less complete. For some time after his business was well and truly launched, he was just another shopkeeper. Mayfair was blissfully unaware of his presence. Then it got around that he had been taken up by a Certain Personage, and the rest was easy. His friends are England's social and business leaders, his acquaintances world figures. A window in his office is scratched with the names of the famous—Prince George, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Lord Birkenhead, Lord Dewar, Sir Henry Segrave, Dame Nellie Melba, Sophie Tucker, Will Rogers, Gene Tunney, Rudolph Valentino, Primo Carnera, Amelia Earhart, Fanny Ward.

THE parties he gives on the eve of every general election draw more gate-crashers than the parties given by the dukes and duchesses of Grosvenor Square. One of his daughters married a *vicomte*, and the other a prince. One season he parked his steam yacht at the royal moorings. He is the prince of first-nighters at the theater. Thus he has achieved a secret ambition: to explode the anti-commercial snobbery of England, to elevate the position of the draper as much as Medici made banking and selling respectable in Europe centuries ago. He has put it all in a book about merchant princes, entitled *The Romance of Commerce*.

He usually drinks water except for a mild cocktail before dinner. His cigars are made for him in Havana and have his name on the band. They are excellent. But he gives them to his friends and himself smokes an inexpensive brand of miniature cigar. He claims that the five most wonderful things in the world are a woman, a child, a flower, a sunset, and a beautiful building. He probably puts the beautiful building at the head of the list, for most of the books in his office deal with architecture. Several of them are unique and very expensive volumes.

It was long his ambition to build a mediæval castle in England, complete with moat, ramparts, drawbridge, and portcullis, but after he bought the property he abandoned the idea. His store in Oxford Street is still his only castle. When he dies he wants to be buried in a round coffin so that he can turn in his grave.



Lawn-bowlers have a disease of their own—a counterpart of the better-known golfitis. When a sudden epidemic struck St. Petersburg (Fla.) Rotarians, there was nothing to do but clear the carpet and bowl, then and there!

Lawn Bowling—Rival of Golf

[Continued from page 40]

up the game with aggressiveness and often develop as much skill as their husbands. They have their own tournaments and picnics, to which the men bowlers count themselves fortunate if they are invited occasionally. So you see, family break-ups are not caused by lawn bowling as is sometimes the case with golf.

At least once a week mixed games are arranged and this tends to promote

friendliness among the many families represented. In our Buffalo Lawn Bowling Club, one of the largest in the country, we dwell together in much the same friendly and almost intimate manner as in the average Rotary club. If anyone should happen to call us "Mister," instead of Jim and Ken, we would feel as queer as though it happened at a Rotary luncheon.

Advertising's New Rôles

[Continued from page 9]

for the allotments scheme. If advertising is a better and cheaper way of doing things, then advertising must become a government function. Advertising on such a vast scale is beyond the means of any advertiser but a nation. It would require advertising in such quantity and volume as was used during the war—and there's a precedent for you—to sell Red Cross, Y.M.C.A., government bonds; in short, to sell war.

I do not know who paid for the nation-wide hookup used by the President in his heart-to-heart talks with the nation. Perhaps it was a gift from the radio companies, in which case it was a gift from advertising, for advertising supplies the only revenue radio has, but you may be sure such a precedent will not be lost sight of, and ultimately radio service for the use of the executive to advertise his plans to the people will be as legitimate a government expense as cable tolls or

special trains. Appropriation for space in magazines and newspapers will follow logically, and even for direct-mail advertising. Look what a lot of it goes out now, poorly prepared for its purpose it is true, under congressmen's franks. Surely there is precedent enough. If public money can be spent to take young men to the woods and teach them forestry (and I consider that an enlightened and progressive idea) it can be spent to stamp out diphtheria, or any other disease. If it can be spent to advertise recruiting—"join the navy and see the world"—it can be spent to advertise the futility and economic nonsense of war.

Disease and war, two enemies of mankind that need only public knowledge and public opinion to fade out of civilization, are both fair targets for this new "public welfare" advertising we are prophesying. We already have a working model of how the first might be ac-

As a means of promoting a Rotary spirit, nothing could be better than the organizing of a lawn bowling club. The writers of this article will guarantee that he who bowls will forget his troubles, at least during the hours on the green; and he will surely gain much in health and optimism. We would suggest that Rotarians take up the game even more than they have in the past. In cities and towns where there are no lawn bowling clubs, Rotarians will be rendering a service to the community by organizing them.

In almost any Rotary club there is a member connected with the city government or who has an acquaintance with a park department official or some other person who can be instrumental in getting space, appropriation, and equipment for the formation of a lawn bowling club.

Some of the best and largest clubs in America, especially in Canada, were started with a "handful" of men. Usually they have petitioned the park board to establish a green and in doing so have simply secured the signatures of a number of people who promised to use the facilities furnished.

In such a petition, I should add, attention should be directed to the benefits of the game, to the interest which will be taken by spectators, to the comparatively small space required, and especially to the fact that the game appeals to both men and women of all ages.

complished, and a workable plan for accomplishing the other. Medical science has gone so far in its conquest of certain contagious and other diseases that I venture to say its greatest obstacle is now ignorance—the ignorance of people as a whole. For the remedies necessary, particularly prevention or immunizing, require coöperation, a wide, general coöperation, not merely of the whole nation but of the whole world. And coöperation depends on knowledge, and knowledge depends on education. Health boards and sanitary police accomplish much, of course, but after all they are public officers influenced by public opinion. If you want a vivid picture of what typhoid can do in a village with an ignorant and lazy health officer and no intelligent public opinion behind him, read "The Last Adam" by James Cozzens.

Among the diseases dreaded by every mother in my boyhood is diphtheria. It is

no longer the menace it was; the end is almost in sight. A wide, thorough, and constant dissemination of the information that inoculation with toxin-anti-toxin immunizes the little patient would in time cut the death rate to zero. I cite diphtheria as an instance because there is an existing example of how it can be checked by advertising information. Diphtheria is one of the subjects selected for its admirable health promotion by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. During the four years that it has urged communities threatened with epidemic to take this scientific precaution, mortality has been cut one-half. We need not go into the purpose of the company in making this altruistic contribution to the nation's health. It is obvious that an insurance company benefits by lengthening life and minimizing hazards. There is also the goodwill engendered by policies that add to the public good. The point is that this company has given us more than it has received in return. And it has set an example and demonstrated a possibility which I believe nations will some day be enlightened enough to follow.

SUCH work should not be left to some public-spirited private corporation to do. Such advertising is not and could not be, economically, broad enough to reach a whole nation. And the company can devote only a comparatively small part of its space to such a scourge as diphtheria. It must cover and has covered many other phases of this big field. Its instructions for artificial respiration in cases of near-drowning have saved many lives. Its whole advertising for years is but a prospectus of what an intelligent enlightened nation could and should do on a scale as wide as the effort that sold six billions of

war bonds, misnamed Liberty, in a few weeks. If such strenuous methods are justified to release wholesale slaughter in the world, surely they can be invoked for such precious ends as more and better life.

I said a moment ago that there was a workable plan for stamping out war by advertising. There is. It was prepared not by an impractical pacifist, but Bruce Barton, a hard-boiled advertising man, whose opinions are taken seriously by great corporations. The plan is as sane, as documented, as practical as any ever submitted to a cigarette manufacturer or motor-car magnate. It was published in *The American Magazine* with examples of the kind of advertising recommended, under the blazing title, "Let's Advertise This Hell!" It was the most important article printed last year, but though disarmament is the greatest single issue before the world today, though war grabs three-fourths of our tax dollar, though every man, woman, and child is concerned and would be benefited, no important newspaper, as far as I know, gave it news space or editorial mention. The newspapers are lukewarm because the public is lukewarm, and the public is lukewarm because it is ignorant. It must be told. After all, what was it but advertising that fifteen years ago transformed us almost overnight from a nation which had just elected a president on the slogan "He kept us out of the war," into a nation clamoring hysterically to get into the war? Advertising works both ways.

Is such an objective beyond the power of advertising? Emphatically no. No movement is too mighty for advertising. All movements from the Crusades down have been fomented by a form of advertising. All wars are waged by advertising. War itself is a product of advertising, the

oldest, most persistent, most stupendous, most relentless propaganda ever waged for any purpose (except the church) which uses even today, the press, literature, art, compulsory military service in colleges, patriotism, parades, uniforms, school books, to keep alive the martial spirit lest it perish from the earth. It is simply a matter of changing a world's thinking. Advertising can do that, for that is advertising's job.

IT IS difficult to say now what the future of advertising will be, though we all agree that its greatest development lies ahead of it. We can make it what we will, but have so far developed more speed than control. We are like the fisherman in the Arabian Nights who opened the copper bottle and let the genie out. We already have difficulty in controlling our genie. Advertising has powers of its own. It is a living, growing thing, and makes its own laws. We have witnessed miracles of the unconscious, unintended power of advertising: Contract bridge, Tom Thumb golf, backgammon, the New Deal, jigsaw puzzles, prohibition repeal, sun-tan, all evidence of the peculiar way in which ideas seize on the public imagination and spread over the country.

It may be that scientific advertising will isolate the germ that makes certain ideas appeal so strongly and inoculate planned paid advertising with it. We do not yet use all the power that is available. There is waste, fumbling, lack of knowledge. The force known as advertising is still in somewhat the same condition as the force known as electricity. We do not yet know what it is, nor all it will do. We can make it do wonderful things, but not yet all the wonderful things of which it is capable.

Will Big-Scale Farming Last?

[Continued from page 19]

sources of income on Legume Farm, owned by L. H. Gale, Pemiscot County, Missouri. They are: butter, milk, eggs, broilers, hogs, honey, cotton, soybeans, sweet potatoes, alfalfa, market corn, seed corn, and surplus truck and vegetables. The farm consists of 105 acres.

A crop of fall pigs meets interest and principal payments on the mortgage on the Fremont Albers Farm, Rice County, Minnesota. Spring farrowed pigs buy new fences, buildings, and equipment. Poultry supplies money to buy food. A steady income for other expenses comes from dairy cows. To support these in-

come projects is a well-diversified cropping program.

Thus do owners of individual farms adapt their farming program to changing conditions with expedition and without difficulty. The farmer can reach a decision. He can carry it out immediately. He is in absolute control and every phase of the farm business is subject to his close scrutiny. He knows what is going on. He does not have to consult stockholders or a board of directors.

While the tenant operator of a farm cannot act so expeditiously, and perhaps cannot obtain permission to make every

change he feels is desirable, still, in a majority of cases I believe, he can sell the land owner on a new program, if and when conditions warrant. The tendency toward the owner-tenant partnership idea constantly is growing stronger, and this further strengthens the position of small farms.

Now consider, in contrast to the individually operated farm, the large corporation wheat farm, consisting of thousands of acres. It has been organized for the one purpose of growing wheat. It is completely mechanized because operation on this scale is possible only with

large units of power machinery. Labor employed is not resident on the land and has no interest in it other than obtaining wages. For months during the year, the land is unoccupied and the labor is dispersed to be recruited when needed.

Conditions which make possible profitable production of wheat on a large scale suddenly change. Perhaps fertility seriously declines, or drouth comes, or prices drop and profits no longer can be made.

THE corporation farm is designed only to produce wheat. Its equipment, in large part, is good for that purpose alone. Its management is a wheat management. There is no tillage machinery for row crops. The land, mostly, is unfenced. Usually there are no facilities, such as buildings and water, which could be utilized in the production of livestock. Tenants cannot be placed on the farms because there are no homes in which they might live. Thus it is virtually impossible to set up a program of diversified production.

Capital requirements for a reorganization of the production schedules on a corporation grain farm would be prohibitive. Thousands of acres cannot be devoted to row crops and hays and gardens without equipment and resident operators; beef cattle, dairy cows, sheep, hogs, and poultry cannot be grown on those acres and supervised from a central headquarters. All livestock and most all crops require the personal attention of a farmer who is directly interested in them. Diversified farming is a year-around job. It cannot be handled by seasonally recruited labor.

The corporation farm is stuck with wheat. It can reduce acreage. It can summer till some of its land. It can, perhaps, produce one of the sorghums that can be planted and harvested with wheat machinery.

But it cannot go into legume production. It cannot stock its acres with beef or dairy cattle, hogs or sheep. It cannot put a flock of chickens or turkeys on every quarter section. It cannot plant and tend a garden on each farm and store the produce of that garden, canned or dried, in a cellar. It cannot build a home and barns and hog and poultry houses here and there over its land.

It isn't adaptable. It must stick to wheat. It hasn't a ghost of a chance to compete with the individually operated farms when conditions are adverse, and no more than an even chance when conditions are favorable. The farmer, renter or owner, can have a dozen sources of income, all the time or at any time he

may desire. The corporation farm usually has but one source of income.

Failures of corporation farms during the last two years, and they have been numerous, were caused by the failure of the one source of income on which they depended.

That cannot happen on a farm where there are numerous sources of income, including livestock and poultry. Income may shrink there, but it will not entirely dry up. The individual farmer, denied any income at all—which would not occur except as the result of flood or drouth or disaster of some sort—still can live off his land and the labor he puts in on it. The corporation must have income or all activity ceases. Hired labor is not self-sustaining like the individual farmer and his family. It must have wages. The farmer can get along without cash wages.

Much has been said about the advantage the corporation farm possesses because of the efficiency gained by the use of modern power machinery. But today

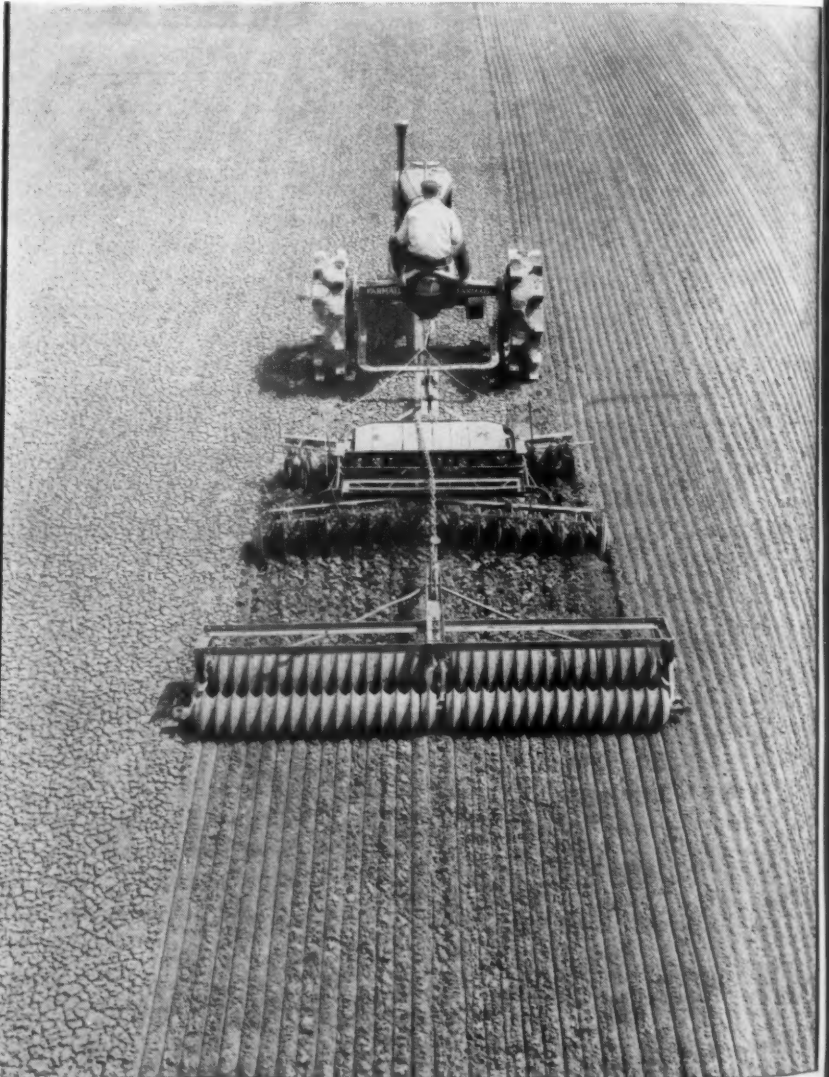
every farm, from 80 acres up, can be as well equipped and can utilize power machinery just as efficiently. The progress made in fitting power machinery to small farms in recent years has been amazing. It has reduced unit costs of production on average farms enormously.

Hired management, even though expert, cannot entirely offset the gains that are certain to accrue from the operation of a farm by a man who is personally interested in making a success of it, even though he may not be an expert. There enters the human equation, and it is a vital one. The fact is that the corporation farm does no better job than the good, average farmer in crop production, and at no lower cost.

Of course there are other types of corporation farms than those producing wheat. In the Dakotas, for example, is a big sheep growing farm. There, too, are corporation owned farms that have been operated by tenants, under supervision, with some diversification. In the eastern

"The corporation farm is designed only to produce wheat, its equipment, in large part, is good for that purpose alone."

Photo: International Harvester Company.



part of the United States, are corporation dairy farms and in the south are corporation cotton farms or plantations. But they are essentially similar in that most of them are dependent on one or, at most, a few sources of income. So long as they are functioning as designed, so long as conditions are favorable, they succeed fairly well. But when the necessity of suddenly adapting themselves to changed conditions arrives, they have repeatedly proved themselves to be very inflexible and many of them have gone to pieces. This has been true even of the corporation farming set-up in which tenants operated individual farms under supervision of a central authority.

One aspect of this question, which has nothing to do with the conflict between the individual farm and the corporation farm, or the ability of one or the other to survive, nevertheless is of general concern.

The United States has been built on a foundation consisting of two parts. One is the great industrial and manufacturing development. The other is an independent, vigorous, virile agriculture, made up of individual families. The farming industry is fundamentally conservative because it is individualistic. It is anti-communistic, anti-socialistic. It is essentially democratic and I hold it to be the greatest bulwark of the democratic form of government that the United States possesses.

Ducks De Luxe

[Continued from page 30]

an undertone, comes in drawn-out gasps.

Suddenly—well, what happens now? You have guessed it. Up fly two fine mallards. For once, they are in range. You grab your gun. If you are so lucky as to get it free of the rice stalks (which happens once in seven times) you swing it in the general direction of the ducks and fire point blank at a bunch of wild rice. Your aim at the rice was perfect, and it is annihilated. Once in fifty times you accidentally hit one of the ducks, and he falls into the water with a muffled splash. Zowie!

You mark him down. How do you mark him down? Why, by taking a careful sight on some rice stalks that mark the spot where he disappeared. Then you turn to your pole, and when you try to head the boat toward your dead duck you discover that all rice stalks look alike, and it appears that either you have not shot a duck at all, or else you have shot forty thousand. With amazing optimism you push along, hoping to find your duck. If this is one of your lucky

Therefore, it is to the advantage of every citizen of the United States, and particularly to business men, that the agricultural industry be preserved in the form in which it so far has developed. This country needs thirty million folks, living on farms, big and little, conducting their own businesses as individuals, building up the communities in which they live, buying the merchandise that pours out of the factories and through the retail stores. We want these farmers to have opportunity to rise above a fixed level of income and to better their standards of living as they have ability.

Should the idea of corporation farming prevail we would lose what we now have. We would get instead, an industrialized agriculture, with farmers, no longer independent individuals, but hired wage earners, leveled out as regards their incomes and their standards of living. Rural districts would lose their well distributed populations located on farms, and towns and cities would be further crowded and tenemented. There would be smaller deposits in rural banks, less business for small-town merchants, less personal and real property to yield taxes for the support of government and schools, a diversion of income produced locally to stockholders widely scattered.

America does not want that type of agriculture. It cannot maintain itself with a peasant class as an essential part of the foundation on which it stands.

days you may find him after an hour or so. And when you do—this is another fifty-to-one shot—you are so tired and hungry that your first impulse is to sit down right there and eat the duck raw: feathers, feet, bill, and all.

That's the way to shoot the mallard duck. Thousands of ordinarily sane men, fine people when at home, go through this weird ritual every Fall. All for the sake of a few heathen ducks!

But how about the lesson I was going to learn? I'll tell you about it now.

* * *

THE time is one morning in September, two years after I had been a forest ranger, and the place is Tamarack lake, in northern Minnesota. The first faint glimmer of dawn comes from the east, and the flickering light of kerosene lanterns dimly outlines the figures of seven men who are standing in a group on the shore of the lake. A heavy frost is in the air; on the mud of the shore is a thin film

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of ice. The murmur of thousands of coots comes from the lake, and this babble is punctuated by the raucous quacking of the mallards out in the rice beds.

Is there any sound on earth that stirs the pulse of the bird hunter as this does? The quacking of the mallards out in the marsh! The rice beds seem to be alive, and we are trembling with impatience.

Drawn up along the shore are several duck boats and some freshly cut poles. It is time to go now, and one by one the members of the party select favorite boats, arrange guns and shells, and with much

I'm sure it is not necessary for me to go into the progress of the hunt. The sun rose, the day turned out to be warm and calm. The quiet of the day was broken by occasional bursts of firing; now and then the sound of voices drifted over the rice beds. Mallards gave voice as they rose from the rice before the approaching boat. They circled out of range.

Evening came. I doubted, by this time, my ability to move the boat back to the landing. I was thoroughly tired. My hands were blistered. My muscles were numb. Wearily I pushed the boat into

ready. Not all of the ducks you scared up came over to my decoys, but some of them did."

He paused. "I'd have suggested that stunt to a few of you fellows," he continued, "but I knew it wouldn't do any good. You young bucks from the city have just got to get out and push around and sweat and do all the work."

Suddenly, then, it came back to me. I was up at Ely, and a veteran woodsman was telling me: "... and the fellows from the city do all the perspiring and the getting red in the face and the spattering around ... and we get all the ducks."

Would I never learn? We shall see.

* * *

TIME marches on. We are now in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. I had taken up residence in the little town of Jackson early in the summer. I enjoyed the trout fishing in the Snake river, but as Fall approached I knew I was going to miss the duck shooting of Minnesota. For the Hole, great game country that it is, is almost barren of swampy areas. It's anything but a duck country.

But one day Dick Winger came over to see me. "Let's go duck shooting," he said.

I laughed, trying to appreciate the joke. But he was serious about it. He explained that the Hole was a great natural flyway for ducks; that thousands came through every Fall. They inhabited the swampland stretches of the creeks, and settled on the larger lakes in big flocks, and they congregated on the small grain fields—oats, mostly—and cleaned them bare of the dropped grain. Sure—lots of ducks in the Hole!

"We can follow Cache creek," Dick explained, "and kick up some mallards. It's tough going, and you have to work for your ducks, but it's worth it, if you like duck hunting."

So we went. We tramped along Cache creek. We jumped a few mallards, and knocked down a grand total of three between us. Dick was right—it was hard work. Once while we were resting I saw some of the ducks we had jumped fly toward a large, solitary butte and disappear over its crest. I watched carefully, and saw others do the same thing. Presently I asked Dick:

"Where are those ducks going to, beyond that butte?"

Dick grinned. "They don't go over it. There's a grain field up there. Ben Winter grows some oats on its flat top. The mallards go up there and eat the dropped oats. In fact, I think Ben left a lot of his crop up there this year. But it's no

Photo: Underwood & Underwood.



"The murmur of thousands of coots comes from the lake . . . punctuated by the raucous quacking of the mallards . . ."

more eagerness than skill begin to push the boats out through the first of the rustling rice stalks. One by one the boats disappear into the grey dawn. Presently there are two men left, but only one boat. I turn to my companion.

"Aren't you going out, George?"

George Hamilton, our host, veteran of the rice fields and the rambling lakes, a pioneer of the country, shakes his head.

"No, I'm not going out. Not yet. I've got a skiff lying around the point and after while, after I've had a couple cups of coffee, I'll wander out into the rice and put out a few decoys and see what happens."

SO I get into the last boat, pick up my pole, take what I think is a firm hold on the mud, and push. The pole sinks, bubbles rise to the surface of the water, the boat stands still. With nervous, eager jerks I free the pole. The boat has been thrown for a loss. Undaunted, I try again. The chase is on. Six men in six boats are now hunting the wild duck by the method known as the stern chase!

the sunset. As the boats converged on the landing spot, I could hear the grunts and groans of my weakened companions. It was a slow parade. In the bottom of my boat were three very dead and somewhat bedraggled ducks.

I was the first one to reach the landing. No, I was second. For ahead of me was George Hamilton. There he sat on the gunwale of his skiff, his spectacles astride his nose, reading a magazine in the failing light. As I approached he looked up.

"Get any?" he asked.

"Three. How about you?"

George chuckled. "Well, I came in early. I got fourteen nice mallards." He removed his spectacles, put down his magazine, and smiled at me. "You fellows made good shooting for me today. I took half a dozen wooden decoys out into the middle of the rice, where the water's more open, and then I made a blind around my boat. I had quite a nice day—took along a magazine to read while I was waiting. Then when I heard you fellows firing I'd look sharp and get

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you scattered after them. You sneak up to the top of the butte and a thousand mallards get up and fly away before you can get a shot at them. Then they're gone."

I slapped Dick on the back. "Aha!" I cried, "I see you do not understand the psychology of the mallard duck! The mallard has some of the characteristics of the homing pigeon. I'll demonstrate this to you tomorrow."

So on the morrow we started out. We marched up the side of the butte. A thousand mallards, as advertised, took wing with a roar like that made by the falls of Niagara. Not one came within range, but this made no difference, for I had made Dick unload his gun. I didn't want him to fire into the ducks and spoil the whole thing.

Now that the ducks had left we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable. We found some abandoned sheaves of oats, and with these we made a blind. Then we sat down in the blind and waited. We waited an hour. We waited two hours. Dick gave me several mean looks.

From the top of the butte we had a view of the whole valley. I had brought my glasses, and now I began to use them. I swept the view in all directions. I heard some firing in the direction of Cache

creek, and I turned my glasses toward it. I saw a movement. The movement took form as a flock of twenty or thirty mallards. They were coming our way. They were coming home.

We crouched in our blind. On came the ducks. They seemed to be standing still in the air. Would they never come? Then, quite suddenly, they swept over the top of the butte, circled over us. In range! Dick and I let go, and we dropped three of them.

This bunch left the butte of course, but we still had nine hundred and seventy ducks to work on during the rest of the day. And they came to us. All day long, sometimes two or three flocks at once, again a single flock after a long interval of waiting. And we sat there in the comfortable blind and stopped shooting when we had the legal limit.

And so home. For the first time in my life I had shot the limit. And as we walked into town with our bag we met two young lads Dick knew. They were tired and muddy. They had one duck.

And now who is this talking? Can it be me? And what is this I'm saying? It sounds familiar—

"... all the perspiring and the getting red in the face and the sputtering around ..."

And so we learn.

For Further Reading

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Chats on Contributors

SHOULD the United States of America Recognize Russia? Thomas A. Morgan, president of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, who believes that it should, states his reasons to Jesse R. Sprague. "Jack" Sprague, as he is called by his fellow Rotarians, is a regular contributor to *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *American Mercury* and *Saturday Evening Post*. His first writing experience was gained as editor of the San Antonio (Texas) Rotary Club publication, *The Wheel of Fortune*. Though he has lived in New York since 1921, he still maintains an honorary membership in the San Antonio club.

Bainbridge Colby, who takes the negative of THE ROTARIAN's debate of the month, is a prominent New York attorney, known to most Americans for his career in public life; during the World War he was commissioner of the United States Shipping Board, and in 1920-21 was Secretary of State in the Woodrow Wilson cabinet. He tells his reasons for desiring non-recognition to Samuel J. Woolf, author-artist, introduced to ROTARIAN readers last month as contributor of pen and word pictures of General Hugh S. Johnson.

Earnest Elmo Calkins, *Advertising's New Roles*, is a well-known writer and lecturer on art, printing, and advertising subjects. He was formerly president of the Calkins and Holden advertising company in New York, is the author of "Business the Civilizer," "The Business of Advertising," etc., and was awarded the 1925 Bok gold medal for distinguished service in advertising.

Arthur Capper, *Will Big-Scale Farming Last?*, is known to most readers as the long-time senator from Kansas (three terms of six years each) of which state he was formerly governor. Since 1892, he has been publisher and proprietor of the *Topeka Daily Capital*; he is also publisher of *Capper's Weekly* and a group of farm publications. Senator Capper is president of the board of regents of the Kansas Agricultural College, of the Kansas State Good Roads Association, and of the Kansas State Historical Society, and is an honorary member of the Topeka Rotary Club.

Stephen Leacock, *A Plain Man at the Play*, author of *Wet Wit and Dry Humor*, *Afternoon in Utopia*, *Why Laugh*, etc., teaches economics to youth at McGill University, Montreal, Canada. . . . Louis Golding, *He Built London's Biggest Store*, a young Englishman whose literary career started during his undergraduate days at Oxford, received a liberal training during the World War in Greece and the Eastern Mediterranean; his some dozen novels, a few volumes of poetry, and several travel books have been the result of periodic tramping excursions into Asia Minor, Africa, and environs of the Mediterranean.

Elmer T. Peterson, *There Are No Bad Boys*, for many years was a journalist in Kansas; resigning as editor of the *Wichita Beacon* in 1927, he became editor of *Better Homes and Gardens*, his present position. He is an active member of the Rotary Club of Des Moines, Iowa. . . . Donald Hough, *Ducks De Luxe*, is an advertising counsellor, and is a frequent contributor of fiction to *Collier's*, *Liberty*, and other magazines. Formerly, while director of publicity for the Izaak Walton League, he did special article

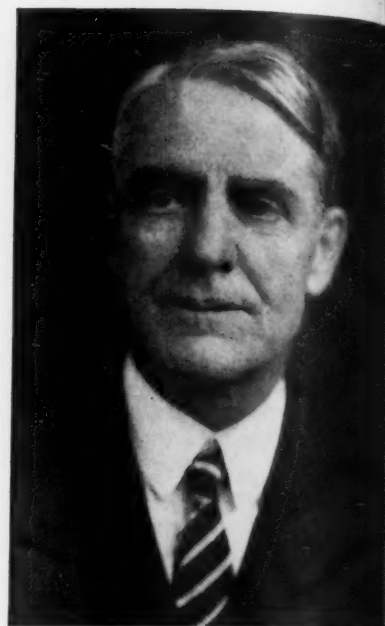


Photo: Underwood & Underwood

Senator Arthur Capper—he believes that the small farm will survive.

assignments as a member of the editorial staff of *Outdoor Life*, *Field and Stream*, and *Outdoor America*.

John Nelson, president of Rotary International, who attended the Lausanne conference of the European Advisory Committee of Rotary with Secretary Chesley R. Perry, brings his own report of the conference to the readers of THE ROTARIAN. Formerly a newspaperman, he is now supervisor of the department of public relations of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, is the author of *The Canadian Provinces: Their Policies and Problems*. . . . Dwight Marvin, *The Forbidden Thing*, for many years has been editor of the *Troy (N.Y.) Record*, is a Troy Rotarian, at one time was chairman of the Magazine Committee of Rotary International, and in recent years has contributed frequently to THE ROTARIAN.

Chester E. Willard, *Meeting Cut-Throat Competition*, began a career in marketing in an old-fashioned bazaar as a boy of fourteen in Ionia, Mich. Now he is an associate professor in the department of marketing at Northwestern University School of Commerce, and head of the department of marketing and organization of Swanson Ogilvie Company, management engineers of Chicago. He is also a member of the committee working out the unit control system of merchandise for the National Retail Dry Goods Association.

Another of this month's authors made his appearance in this world at Ionia, Mich.—namely James H. (Jim) Spencer, who with Kenneth H. Bixby has contributed *Lawn Bowling—Rival of Golf*. Rotarian Spencer is meteorologist for the United States Weather Bureau at Buffalo; many Rotarians are familiar with his poems, the collection of which is known as *The Sunny Side of Life*. Ken Bixby holds the classification of employment service in the Buffalo Rotary Club.

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